

FIFTY CENTS

JUNE 11, 1973

TIME



SUPER HORSE

Secretariat



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LIQUORE GALLIANO

A. ENGELER
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

From Football Star Joe Namath to Baseball Hero Hank Bauer, New York Bureau Chief Marsh Clark has covered some of the most famous personalities in sports for TIME cover stories. His subject for this week, however, was his biggest assignment yet—by some 1,000 lbs. Syndicated for more than \$6,000,000, Secretariat is the most valuable horse in history, a good bet to win racing's Triple Crown this month, and the first of his species to appear on a TIME cover since Native Dancer back in 1954.

For the story behind the reigning monarch in the sport of kings, Correspondent Clark and Ernest Havemann, who wrote the story, visited Belmont Park Race Track, near New York City, and interviewed Lucien Laurin, Secretariat's trainer; Jockey Ron Turcotte; and Secretariat's principal owner, Mrs. Penny Tweedy. "At one point we approached, with unaccustomed stealth and reverence, the stall where our cover subject was residing," Clark recalls. "We peeked in and saw that Secretariat was eating lunch, so we withdrew discreetly, much as if we had come upon Henry Kissinger over his sweetbreads at Rive Gauche."

Clark also flew down to The Meadow, the southern Virginia farm where the champion was foaled three years ago and where he took his first tentative steps.

Reporting the story provided many new insights to Clark, whose previous exposure to horse racing consisted of infrequent visits ("about once every four years") to the race track. But Writer Havemann was right at home. A former TIME editor who began writing college textbooks nine years ago, Havemann is the son of a longtime jockey. He placed his first bet at the age of twelve, bought his first race horse in 1957—that is, as soon as he was financially able—now he owns a stable of six. He once competed against Mrs. Tweedy, but his best horse lost by a head to Ciciada, the famous mare of The Meadow.

"Working with a horse expert like Havemann was an eyeopener," says Clark, "but it could have been even more rewarding than it was. Ernie and I took Mrs. Tweedy to lunch at Belmont's Paddock Club. But before settling down to eat and interview, Ernie dashed off to put down a couple of bets on the afternoon card. Instead of going with him, I foolishly engaged in small talk while waiting for him to return. Of course he hit the daily double and won \$240."

Ralph P. Davidson

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*Standing: Mr. Hanson and Lauralee, 2; Debbie-Jo, 14.
Seated: Betty, 19, and Treena, 1; Mrs. Hanson; Bonnie, 6, and Fuffy, Douglas, 3.*

"We are foster parents who run a receiving home for young children," write Mr. and Mrs. Hanson.

They report their Maytag Washer and Dryer put in 15 hours a day, 7 days a week. Yet only 1 repair in 10 years!

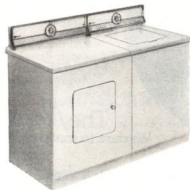
Not long ago we got a letter from Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hanson, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan. "What would we do without our Maytag Washer and Dryer?" they asked.

In addition to the laundry for the hundreds of young children who have gone through their receiving home these past ten years, their Maytags have also done everything for their own family, which includes their son, Bill, and six adopted children. These machines have washed and dried literally thousands of loads in their ten years. Yet they've only needed one repair.


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That's why... we built the VIP with adjustability—9 closeness-comfort settings so that you can now shave as close as you like.

In fact, the VIP can actually shave you *below skin level*. Comfortably.



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And that's why... the Norelco VIP Tripleheader dares to match shaves with a blade. Any blade.

Available in cord or rechargeable models.

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We dare to match shaves with a blade.

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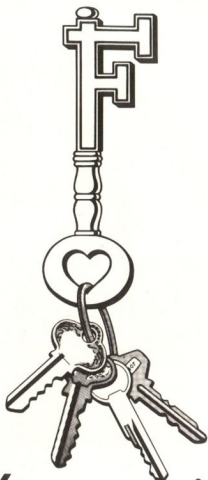
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So come and join the Fairfield savers now. In return, we'll serve you well. We'll pay you the highest interest on every dollar (a full 5% per year on passbook savings; as much as 6% per year on savings certificates), and we'll make sure that your dollars stay safe and sound until the day you need them. Until the day you decide the time for another one of those small keys has come . . .



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The mutual fund record.

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Year	Initial Investment* \$10,000	% Change	Gain	Loss	Compared with 5% interest compounded annually \$10,000
1950	\$11,089	+10.89	\$1,089		\$10,500
1951	12,734	+14.84	1,645		11,025
1952	14,166	+11.24	1,432		11,576
1953	14,150	- .11		\$16	12,155
1954	20,233	+42.99	6,083		12,763
1955	23,805	+17.65	3,572		13,401
1956	25,604	+ 7.56	1,799		14,071
1957	23,023	-10.08		2,581	14,775
1958	32,088	+39.37	9,065		15,514
1959	36,198	+12.81	4,110		16,290
1960	37,403	+ 3.33	1,205		17,105
1961	46,911	+25.42	9,508		17,960
1962	41,484	-11.57		5,427	18,858
1963	48,519	+16.96	7,035		19,801
1964	54,866	+13.08	6,347		20,791
1965	66,256	+20.76	11,390		21,831
1966	62,785	- 5.24		3,471	22,923
1967	84,294	+34.26	21,509		24,069
1968	99,138	+17.61	14,844		25,272
1969	85,100	-14.16		14,038	26,536
1970	78,616	- 7.62		6,484	27,863
1971	94,008	+19.58	15,392		29,256
1972	103,898	+10.52	9,890		30,719

*Figures in this table are based on annual performance averages of funds listed in the Management Results section of Wiesenberger's *Investment Companies*, except for the categories of bond and preferred stock funds, tax-free exchange funds and international funds. Annual average performance was derived by adding each fund's performance and dividing by the number of funds. New funds were added as they appeared in the Wiesenberger volumes which were used. In 1950, 1961 and 1970, for example, the number of funds was 40, 145 and 307, respectively. Investment results assume initial investment of \$9,150 following deduction of sales charge of 8 1/2 percent and subsequent reinvestment of dividends and capital gains. 1972 numbers are preliminary.

As the table on the opposite page demonstrates, mutual funds, on the average, have piled up a pretty impressive record over the years.

\$10,000 to \$103,898

It shows how an investment of \$10,000 in 1950, measured by the average performance of mutual funds, would have grown to \$103,898 by the beginning of 1973.

That's a net gain of \$93,898—after paying management fees and any sales charges.

In contrast, \$10,000 at 5% interest compounded annually would have produced a guaranteed net gain of \$20,719 over the same period.

(Note: Naturally, you don't have to invest \$10,000. You can buy mutual fund shares with virtually any amount from \$100 up. Or as little as \$25 a month after a modest initial payment.)

Past performance, of course, is no guarantee of the future, and the record of any individual fund varies with its investment objectives.

Giving your dollars a chance to multiply

For people with long-range financial goals, such as retirement or a child's education, mutual funds can be particularly suitable.

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LETTERS

Ambassador to Everywhere

Sir / Lady Bird [May 21] is being wasted. This lovely woman should be a U.S. Senator, ambassador to everywhere, a member of the Cabinet, a distinguished columnist, president of a university, etc. She is a national asset.

JAMES THOMAS MURPHY
Crown Point, Ind.

Sir / Thank you for the interview with Lady Bird Johnson on the absence of [Lyndon's] presence and the presence of his absence. The piece was meaningful to anyone adjusting to the loss of a loved one.

JOAN M. MACEY
Binghamton, N.Y.

Let's Hear It for Antioch

Sir / Hallelujah! At last we have an educator who is willing to let the institution die that education may live [May 21].

MICHELLE DUNCAN
Oklahoma City

Sir / You wrote that for days people tried to figure out what the chaos- and anarchy-promoting president of Antioch College meant by comparing his campus "to a well-balanced fishbowl populated with guppies, goldfish and piranhas." How utterly obvious! The militants he pampers will destroy every last guppy and goldfish in his "liberal" fishbowl.

AARON REICHEL
New York City

Sir / The New Directions program, with its ideals of cultural pluralism and ethnic diversity, did not upset the balance of the "fishbowl" but rather created the balance. I believe that the changing quality of our student body is not inconsistent with national trends.

If prospective students have second thoughts about entering Antioch after reading your article, then possibly they should stay home with their mothers another year and reconsider.

JIM VOIGT
Yellow Springs, Ohio

Hitler as Satan

Sir / I can realistically view Hitler as a man as you suggest in your Essay, "The Hitler Revival: Myth v. Truth" [May 21]. But the more insignificant he appears as a human being, the more astounding his power to mesmerize millions of apparently normal minds appears.

Made desperate by the threat of chaos, the Central Europeans embraced Hitler as a messiah. Broaden the threat of chaos to worldwide dimensions, and another Adolf Hitler will be equally acceptable to the vast majority.

I am too tough-minded not to entertain the probability that in both instances the mere man is a medium for manifesting the power of Satan.

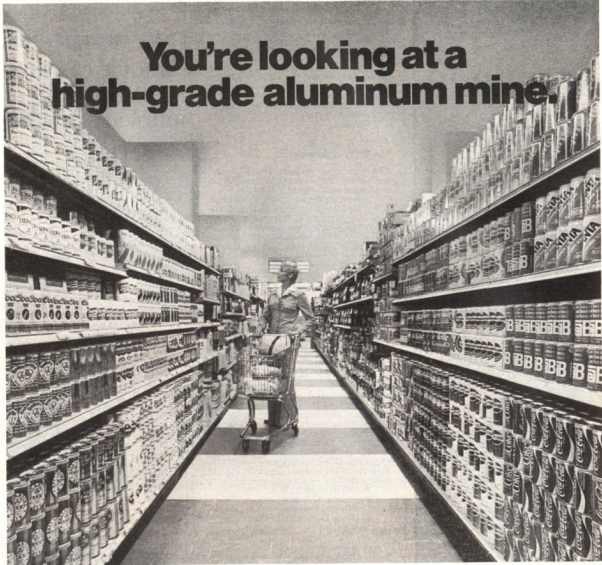
Is this the reason "Adolf Hitler's presence never vanishes"?

F.S. DOWN
Berkeley, Calif.

The Grand Slam

Sir / Upon viewing the Margaret Court-Bobby Riggs match [May 28], one could not help noticing the inadequacy of one player

You're looking at a high-grade aluminum mine.



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to count on

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LETTERS

and the total brilliance of the other. It did my heart good to see women slammed back into reality.

MIKE QUASS
Elkhorn, Wis.

Sir / From now on, as far as I am concerned, any feminist who wishes to state her case should take it directly to Court. Only an emasculated magazine could deny that Bobby Riggs is the Man of the Year.

NEWTON E. FINN
Chicago

The Early Lightweights

Sir / A point was made in "God's Muscle" that "most of the heavyweight preachers are theological lightweights" [May 21].

One of the amazing things about God is that he permits ordinary men to do extraordinary things. The first group of "theological lightweights" was headed by a fisherman about 2,000 years ago. They passed along the word of Jesus well enough for TIME to still find it newsworthy.

MARY E. SMITH
Thorndale, Pa.

Evolutionary Outgrowth

Sir / The grossest misinterpretation of my therapy process is revealed in your story on the encounter movement [April 30]. You say: "No effort is made to understand the emotions that have so painfully—and dangerously—been aroused." The very essence of my approach is to trace the etiology of the neurotic feeling to the childhood relationships with significant people in the patient's life. And my therapy consists of a continued and prolonged effort to re-educate, reconstruct and support the patient in his/her efforts to find a constructive way of dealing with emotions.

My group process is an evolutionary outgrowth of my analytic experience. I resigned from my analytic institute; I was not "dismissed."

DANIEL H. CASRIEL, M.D.
Psychiatric Director
The Casriel Institute
of Group Dynamics
New York City

Don't Kill the Goose

Sir / Robert Lee Vesco [May 21] is the biggest news here since the volcano Irazu erupted ten years ago. Let's hope the opposition doesn't try to kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

SAMUEL BLOTNER
San José, Costa Rica

Sir / Costa Rica was the country I least expected to become a pirate's sanctuary. Costa Ricans have always prided themselves on calling their country "the Switzerland of Latin America" because of their government's political integrity.

What President José Figueres is doing to his country is embarrassing and shameful for his countrymen and other Latin Americans as well. When there is a large amount of money involved, politicians find it hard to understand some basic moral principles.

ROBERTO BENOIT
Guadalajara, Mexico

The Ultimate in Ultimatums

Sir / I was appalled to read that in response to an ultimatum by the kidnapers of the U.S. consul general in Guadalajara, Mexico, 30

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Remember Kim Phuc ?

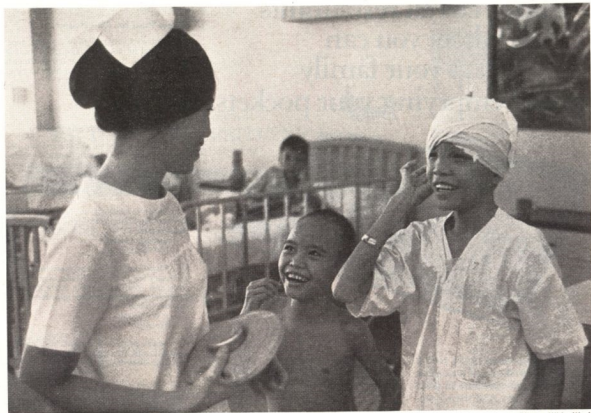


Photo: Wide World

You'd probably recognize her immediately in another photograph, the one where she is running down South Vietnam's Highway One. In that famous picture she is terrified and she is naked. She has torn off her clothes and is fleeing from the napalm which, seconds before, had burned her.

This is Kim Phuc at the Children's Medical Relief Hospital in Saigon. Her pain is gone and this happy smile has replaced the terror of that day on Highway One. Her burned back has healed thanks to the skill of the surgeons at the hospital, the only one of its kind in the country. After several operations, Kim Phuc is back home, completely recovered from her wounds.

It costs \$15 a day to maintain a child in the hospital. The average stay is twenty days. Thus it costs \$300 to treat the average patient. In the United States comparable care would cost ten times as much.

The hospital has already treated 5,000 children like Kim Phuc but thousands more need care. Won't you help us today. We need to build a modern burns treatment unit; we need to establish clinics in outlying areas; we must guarantee that we will never have to turn away a single child who needs us.

Please send your tax deductible gift today to:

**Children's Medical Relief Emergency Fund
Box 555 FDR Station New York, N.Y. 10022**

- ★ **\$50** provides surgery and physical therapy to enable a child to use his hands again
- ★ **\$100** will help a child walk again
- ★ **\$300** is the average cost for a child's stay in the hospital
- ★ **\$500** rebuilds a child's face
- ★ **\$1,000** will save the life of a critically burned child.

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Oak Brook Terrace. 495-0406. An adventure in dining. A steak for lovers. An old English Tudor atmosphere.

AMERICAN EXPRESS

LETTERS

prisoners were released from jail and flown to Cuba [May 21].

I think the ultimatum should have been reversed. Unless the consul general was released by a given time, the 30 prisoners would be executed.

GEORGE KALISH
Philadelphia

Game Plan for Americans

Sir / Bravo! Lacrosse [May 21] has gone unheralded for too long. The game itself is well suited to the American temperament: rugged, explosive, deceptive, high scoring, brutal, and involving teamwork.

EDWIN H. WEST
Hershey, Pa.

Watergate: The Hideous Reality

Sir / Now perhaps we Americans can understand why the German people were unable to comprehend the hideous reality of the Nazis' organized lawlessness.

JEANNINE LE BLANC
Lafayette, La.

Sir / I don't know of anyone who voted for the Ehrlichman-Haldeman ticket last November.

BARBARA BOWER
Fort Smith, Ark.

Sir / How long, dear Lord, how long? Is it necessary for President Nixon to don sackcloth and ashes and parade down Pennsylvania Avenue at high noon in order to placate the fourth estate?

R. W. CLARK
Houston

Sir / Many people are comparing Chappaquiddick and Watergate. I feel this is unfair. One does not excuse the other. Chap-

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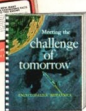
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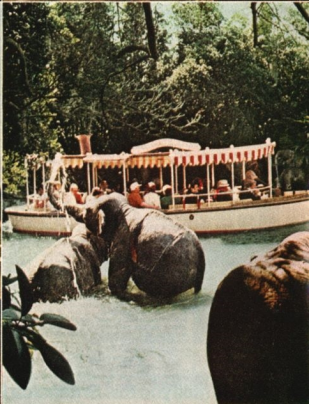
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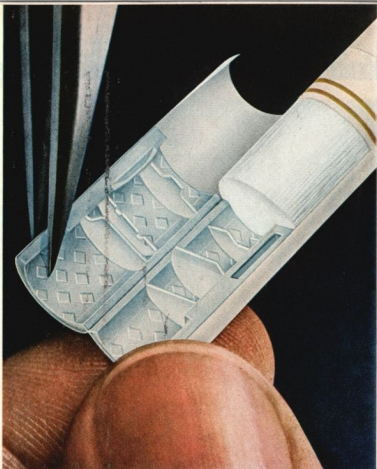
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LETTERS

paquidick brings up the question of a public official's private life. Watergate questions the honesty and integrity of an individual in his capacity as a public official.

BARBARA CHIARELLO
Dallas

Sir / Your May 14 cover story is superb, both as reporting and historical writing. It was made assigned reading in my large class in Western Civilization.

RICHARD GREAVES, PH.D.
Associate Professor
Florida State University
Tallahassee

Sir / I have only this to say about the Watergate affair: it surely takes one's mind off food prices.

(MRS.) GERTRUDE L. STEINHAUSER
Homer, N.Y.

Sir / Re your May 21 cover portrait of John Mitchell: steely, O.K., but stainless—come now!

VERNON CRAWFORD
Atlanta

Sir / As the President might say, "Let me remind you that the finest stainless steel has to go through the hottest fire."

ROBERT HOYT
Edmond, Okla.

Sir / Shouldn't the silver appear more tarnished?

KITTY LEONARD
West Orange, N.J.

Sir / The best result of Watergate may be penal reform.

ROBERTA SZABO
Brookfield, Wis.

Sir / Because of Watergate, many McGovernites have reassumed the holier-than-thou position that they found so comfortable during the last election. I should like to point out that although many people may have altered their opinions of President Nixon, the vast majority of Americans would find the possibility of a McGovern presidency as distasteful now as they did in November.

LEE K. WHITTLE
Salem, N.H.

Sir / To those naive, diehard ostriches who cry "Foul!" on the rather unlikely premise that events of the Watergate incident's magnitude and scope have been going on all the time, I propose the following analogy: If you should ever spot someone attempting to steal your car, don't be angry. After all, this goes on all the time.

KEITH D. VAUGHN
Niceville, Fla.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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We can't talk our way

It used to be hard to get people to talk about the energy problem. Now, it seems everybody is talking about it. If we're going to solve the energy problem before it becomes a crisis, it's time to stop talking and start taking action.

This country is entering a period in which our available domestic energy supplies will not be enough to meet our needs. In short, we're using up our low cost fuels faster than we can produce them.

Oddly enough we have more energy supplies right here in America. Experts estimate there are substantial quantities of oil and gas and nuclear fuel still to be found. We have billions of tons of known coal and shale oil reserves. What we need is the national determination to initiate the policies and programs that will enable us to develop these resources.

It would have been tough enough to solve the energy problem if we had started ten years ago. The tragedy is, we haven't really started yet. If this country is going to maintain its national security and current standard of living, every single one of these policies must be put into effect as soon as possible.

We must produce 90% of our energy from domestic sources.

Some people think we can solve our energy problems by importing oil from foreign countries. The trouble is, energy supplies are growing scarce in other industrial nations, too. As we compete with these nations for oil and gas, the price goes up.

Too many foreign imports would result in intolerable balance of payment problems, further devaluation of the dollar and a weakening of our position in foreign affairs.

To keep our total energy imports at a reasonable level of around 10%, means that all forms of domestic fuel must be developed.

We should strive to increase oil and gas production by 4% by 1985.

This is a big and difficult task. Federal lease sales will have to be larger and more frequent. Exploration and production will be required



both onshore and offshore with proper safeguards for our environment. Alaskan oil will have to be brought to market. And since some imports will have to continue for a long time, import costs must be reduced, by building more U.S. refineries and deepwater ports for super-tankers.

Coal production will have to increase 176% by 1985.

There is plenty of coal left in this country. Enough to last hundreds of years. But most coal is dirty. We must continue to develop methods for removing ash and sulphur from coal.

In addition, we should increase coal prices to encourage construction of new mines. We also must allow strip mining, but under conditions which insure the restoration of the land. And we must develop processes for making natural gas from coal on a commercial basis.

Nuclear energy will have to increase to 22% of our total energy needs.

Potentially, nuclear power represents our most plentiful energy resource. But today, only one percent of our energy needs are provided by nuclear generators. And there are only 29 nuclear power plants operating in the entire country. We will need anywhere from 230 to 305 new 1-million kilowatt plants initiated in the next several years. To make this deadline will require streamlining of licensing procedures and site approvals and elimination of delays caused by unwarranted environmental concerns.

A strong private energy industry must be maintained.

With all the work there is to be done, it's quite obvious that neither government nor industry can do it alone. What's needed is an attitude of mutual cooperation. Much like that which exists in the American Space Program. Price controls over fuels should be eliminated to allow prices to reach a level which will provide incentives for research,

exploration, development, and protection of our environment. Tax incentives are needed in the form of credits for research expenditures, tax free bonds for environmental protection facilities and nuclear fuel plants, current deductions for equipment designed to conserve our less plentiful fuels, and depletion allowances. These incentives will stimulate the attraction of capital that is needed to help finance the activity that will solve the energy crisis.

Government should make more public lands available to the energy industries.

Currently, one-third of the nation's land mass is under Federal domain...750 million acres in all. The Federal Government also has control over vast tracts of the continental shelf. It is estimated that half of our remaining oil and gas potential lies under Federally controlled lands. Not to mention 80% of our oil shale, 40% of our coal, and 40% of our uranium.

These lands must be made available for commercial energy resource development. This would include exploration, mining, and the building of power plants, refineries, pipelines and deepwater ports. The Federal Government should also establish uniform land-use laws among the states, and jurisdiction over the submerged lands of the continental mass.

A balance must be established between the needs of our environment and the nation's need for energy.

It's true that the energy industries, like most industries and most people, were once guilty of neglect of our environment. And it was only right that conservationists and ecologists were concerned. But now the pendulum has, in many cases, swung too far in the other direction.

We can, and must, arrive at programs that will strike a proper balance between energy production and a suitable environment.

Environmental standards must be set at levels that can be met

out of the energy crisis.



at reasonable cost. Because eventually the public must pay this cost in the form of higher prices for fuel.

We must permit offshore drilling to find new reservoirs of oil and gas while utilizing effective methods to avoid ecological damage. In 25 years, there have only been three major oil spills in the drilling of over 14,000 offshore wells. And we are constantly improving on that record.

We must construct the Alaskan Pipeline. The nation's largest oil field has never yielded us a drop of oil in spite of the most extensive environmental impact study in history and the proven technology of pipeline construction. And right now, we need that oil more than ever.

Strip mining must be permitted under conditions where the land can be returned to beneficial use. In many areas, such restoration has been accomplished with outstanding results.

And we must not allow delays in the construction of nuclear power plants. Some environmentalists have succeeded in doing this, in spite of an outstanding performance to date of the nation's 29 operating nuclear power plants.

The people in the energy industries have no interest in harming the earth. We live here, too. In recent years we have tried to understand the environmental problems. It is time the environmentalist tried to understand the energy problem.

Energy conservation must be encouraged by the government, the public, and industry.

Nobody thinks that proper energy consumption practices alone will solve the energy problem. But they can make it much easier to solve the problems by other methods.

A free market price system would encourage conservation. As supply decreases, prices will increase. Increased prices will, in turn, stimulate more production and increased efficiency in the use of existing fuels.

We must also encourage the use of mass transit, smaller auto-

mobiles, and more building insulation.

The Government should encourage U.S. industry to develop energy sources in foreign countries.

Our ability to discover and develop oil in other countries would not only result in a greater supply, but would lower world prices, improve the balance of payments picture for this country, and provide us with a more secure access to the oil we need to import. The Federal Government must maintain a stable and friendly relationship with oil producing countries and provide a stable tax and financial climate that will encourage foreign investment.

The Government should create the economic environment needed to commercialize synthetic fuels.

There are large deposits of shale oil and coal in this country which could be converted into clean fuel. But the price would for some time be too high for general commercial use.

And there are environmental and engineering problems still to be solved. What's needed are incentive devices to generate capital so that private industry can afford to tap these valuable resources.

The Government must support long range research programs.

The energy problem is immense. To solve it is going to require one of the most extensive technological programs in history. Not only a research and development program, but a framework to provide for practical commercialization as well.

The Federal Government and private industry will have to share in the funding of such a research program. Incentives such as tax credits and a strong patent program should be used to reward those companies willing to take risks to help solve our energy problems.

Energy companies must continue to invest in new sources of energy.

While long-range programs are being established, the energy

industry must continue to make substantial investments in energy sources and technology.

For example, Gulf invested \$141 million in exploration and dry hole expense last year, and expects to spend even more this year. We continue to try to find economically viable ways of getting oil out of plentiful shale. We are building a pilot plant in Tacoma, Washington that can remove virtually all of the ash and up to 80% of the sulphur from coal. We are the leading builder of high-temperature gas-cooled nuclear reactors, and we've invested millions of dollars toward developing breeder reactors which will actually make their own fuel.

We're going to need all the sources of energy we can find or invent.

A national energy program should be established.

It should be painfully obvious that there is an incredible amount of work to be done. To develop the policies and programs that are needed, the Federal Government must act as a focal point for the energy problem. It's up to the small, top level group recently formed by the President to issue energy plans and recommend energy policies. These policies and plans put forth by the executive branch will, by necessity, require much Congressional legislation. And all of this needs the understanding and support of the public.

A country like ours needs energy. Energy to run our factories and our electric power plants. Energy to run our trains and trucks. Energy to drive our cars, heat our homes and cook our food.

To develop this energy isn't going to be easy. It's going to be expensive, time-consuming and, in some cases, unpopular.

But the important thing is that we stop talking and start doing something. Right now. Today. We can't wait for tomorrow.



For a free brochure that explains the energy problem and solutions in more detail, write: The President, Gulf Oil Corporation, P.O. Box 1166, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15230.

AMERICAN NOTES

Odds Against Impeachment

Will President Nixon be impeached or forced to resign because of Watergate? Don't bet on it. That's the current advice of Las Vegas Oddsmaker Jimmy the Greek Snyder. He estimates that the odds are 1,000 to 1 against impeachment and a somewhat less staggering 200 to 1 against resignation. Jimmy also says that the odds against convicting former Attorney General John Mitchell are 5 to 1.

Still, times—and odds—change. In the winter of 1971-72, Jimmy was giving 2-to-5 odds that Edmund Muskie would win the Democratic nomination. George McGovern? A 50-to-1 shot.

Disneyland in Camelot?

Just as the passage of time has somewhat diminished John F. Kennedy's reputation, so has it dimmed enthusiasm for the library that is to be built in his name by 1976 in Cambridge, Mass. Gathering in Boston last week to unveil a model of the complex, the Kennedy family faced the unthinkable: a large group of Massachusetts citizens who were plainly unhappy with them. Complained Father Richard Shmaruk, a priest who belongs to a task force that has been reviewing the design: "The

aloofness of the complex and its impact on the community could produce a cross between Camelot and Disneyland in Harvard Square, and we just cannot afford that."

A monumental pyramid designed by I.M. Pei and largely financed by public contributions of \$20 million, the library is supposed to house a museum, an archive, an institute of politics and two theaters that will show a short film on J.F.K. Residents fear that millions of tourists in their Winnebagos will be attracted to the already clogged streets of Harvard Square. The library will also put more strain on a city budget burdened with too many tax-exempt institutions. Blacks complain that rocketing real estate values may force them out of their neighborhoods.

The Kennedys are not yet planning any major modifications. But they are negotiating with Cambridge officials about adding a retail-apartment complex that would generate more revenue for the city, and possibly increasing parking space. (An earlier plan for an extensive underground garage has had to be abandoned because the 12-acre site, near the Charles River, has proved too soggy for the purpose.) As an opponent of the library puts it: "Being good Massachusetts residents, I'm sure the Kennedys do not want people lying down before the bulldozers as if this were some urban renewal project."

Antidream Machine

Dream when you're feeling blue? Not any more—if a machine reported in a recent issue of the *Naval Research Reviews* is put into use. By measuring brainwaves through the use of electrodes, a device no larger than a pack of cigarettes can gauge a person's level of concentration. If his mind begins to wander, a tone sounds, jolting him from his reverie. If he continues to daydream, another alarm goes off, notifying his boss, his teacher or some Big Brother who can promptly set the dreamer straight.

This instrument of wakefulness, designed by Scientist Karel Montor, was first tested on midshipmen volunteers at the U.S. Naval Academy. When their minds strayed from their assignment to thoughts about a girl friend or their next leave—bong! they were found out. Like the fear of being hanged, the machine wonderfully concentrates the mind. Hitched up to a truck or bus driver, an airline pilot or an air-traffic controller, it may prevent accidents. Generally, it could be used to teach people to keep their minds on the matter at hand. But the right to daydream—the right not to pay attention—should be rigidly respected and, if need be, fiercely fought for, even if it is not listed in the Bill of Rights. A machine that could banish idle reveries would be a nightmare.

And Man Bites Machine

With machines pushing so many people out of jobs, it is comforting to learn that man can occasionally displace a machine. That is what has happened on the highways in Connecticut. Disturbed by bottlenecks at toll booths with exact-change lanes, the Connecticut department of transportation this month will scrap all toll-collecting machines and replace them with human attendants. On busy days, 300 to 350 cars an hour used to pass through the machine-tended lanes, while 600 to 650 autos moved through the lanes that were guarded by people—proving that the human hand can be quicker than the mechanical eye.

Personal collectors offer the additional benefit of being able to say "Thank you" or "Welcome to Connecticut." State authorities expect to save \$120,000 a year on motorists who formerly slipped by the automatic collectors without paying. Attendants will at least be able to shout or call the highway patrol.



FAMILY MEMBERS EUNICE, TEDDY & CAROLINE WITH KENNEDY MEMORIAL MODEL
Dimmed enthusiasm for a monumental complex.

ELECTIONS

Beating the Voter Backlash

Like other ethnic groups before them, American blacks are steadily climbing the political ladder, winning more state, local and national offices each election. Some 90 black mayors are now serving in U.S. cities and towns, including Newark and Gary. That is not surprising, because those cities have black majorities. But last week brought the most dramatic evidence yet of black political progress. Los Angeles, the nation's third largest city, elected its first black mayor, although the Negro population is a distinct (18%) minority. City Councilman Thomas Bradley won because enough whites regarded him not as a black politician but simply as a man deserving of their vote.

No Replay. At first the election looked like a rerun of 1969. Once again, Bradley, now 55, faced Incumbent Mayor Sam Yorty, 63. Once again, Yorty played on white fears. Once again, there were predictions of a last-minute backlash that would throw the election to Yorty. But this time the backlash did not develop, and Bradley defeated Yorty by a surprising 56% to 44%.

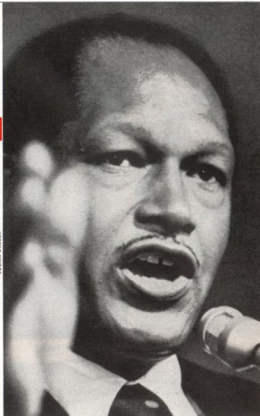
Bradley won not only 92% of the black vote and 51% of the Mexican-American vote (which in the past had gone to Yorty) but also half of the white vote. "I have never run as a black," he said after his victory. "I am a politician who happens to be a black. This will be the new style. We [blacks] will achieve political influence because of our stand on all the issues."

Bradley's campaign strategy was to reassure whites. He constantly referred to his 21 years' service on the Los Angeles police force, in which he rose to lieutenant; he let nobody forget that he stood for law-and-order. He carefully disassociated himself from the Black Panthers, antagonizing the more militant blacks. In his low-keyed TV commercials, he was mainly seen with whites, who praised him for his police work or his efforts to save parks and beaches from developers. At all times he appeared dignified, untroubled by occasional taunts from hostile whites. Once when he encountered a belligerent crowd, he good-humoredly told an aide: "Write that one down as doubtful."

Sam Yorty, on the other hand, had lost much of his following. He had stayed in office for twelve lackluster years largely by entertaining Angelenos,

but they had begun to tire of the show. In his last term, he spent one out of every four days outside the city. Most of the time he was overseas, garnering publicity and decorations, and his wanderings had become a joke. Cracked Bradley: "People ask why Yorty doesn't go to Watts. But the mayor has an answer. He says that just as soon as Pan Am flies there, he'll go."

Yorty showed no awareness that people were fed up with growing pollution, traffic congestion and haphazard development. He continued to refer to environmentalists as "kooks." When Bradley proposed a moratorium on highway building and the start of a rapid transit system, Yorty objected that



THOMAS BRADLEY GIVING VICTORY SPEECH



THREE-TIME MAYOR SAM YORTY AFTER HIS DEFEAT LAST WEEK
Voters were turned off by the racial appeal.

highways "really move a lot of automobiles very efficiently." When Bradley urged a halt to drilling for oil on beaches, Yorty replied: "We ought to do everything we can to develop our oil."

Toward the end of the campaign, it was revealed that some of his aides had bought a \$50,000 paid-up life insurance policy for him from campaign contributions. Yorty shrugged it off, saying that he had no control over campaign

finances. Voters, alarmed by the Watergate scandal, were in no mood to put up with campaign-fund abuses—and the insurance policy was probably the death blow to Yorty's chances.

Lagging in the polls in the final week, Yorty tried to repeat his 1969 ploy of scaring voters away from Bradley because of the color of his skin. This time Bradley was much less vulnerable. Campus and ghetto rioting, which had



AS ATHLETE (CIRCA 1939) & COP (1958)
Standing for law-and-order.



so alarmed Californians four years ago, had subsided, and Bradley was not perceived as a threat. Yorty sent out a blitz of letters crudely proclaiming: "The black bloc vote went massively for Bradley in the primary. Radical elements could control our police department and city services."

Even in the conservative San Fernando Valley, an area that Yorty had carried heavily in 1969, voters were repelled by the racial appeal. It was, said a commentator, "Yorty's last tango."

When the returns were in, Yorty's strategists admitted that they had badly blundered. Said Ed Ziegler, a Yorty campaign coordinator: "The old black-radical cries about Bradley were not working. To voters he was looking whiter and whiter all the time." Before Yorty conceded defeat, he declared: "The change will be very radical, and there will be a lot of people who wish they went to vote." Replied Bradley: "If you mean a mayor who works 14 hours a day and earns his paycheck, that would be a radical change."

Diligence in office is what Bradley promised voters, and if his past is an indication, he will do as he pledged. "I am basically a cautious, conservative man," he says. His is the typical up-by-the-bootstraps story, black or white. He was born in Calvert, Texas, a dusty town so small, he says, "that you can spit all the way across it." His father, a cotton picker, kept moving the family until they finally reached Los Angeles in 1923. Bradley attended an almost exclusively white high school. Nicknamed "Long Tom" because of his commanding height (6 ft. 4 in.), he became a football and track star. He took racial slurs in stride. Recalls Robert Carter, a landscape architect who played football with him: "Even when they spit on him, he wouldn't say anything. He was

completely at peace with himself."

While at U.C.L.A. on an athletic scholarship, Bradley dated Ethel Arnold, whom he later married (they have two grown daughters). He joined the Los Angeles police force, where he acquired a reputation for outtalking and outrunning offenders but not roughing them up. His style was to conciliate. In his later years on the force, he worked in community relations, trying to bridge the growing gap between the cops and the ghetto. In the evenings, he managed to earn a law degree. After leaving the department in 1961, he ran for the city council in his racially mixed neighborhood; he won and has stayed in the 15-member council ever since. He always seems to be the same man under any conditions, representing, says an admirer, the "black sliver of the white puritan ethic."

The question is whether Bradley can deliver on many of his specific campaign promises. The Los Angeles mayor's office is one of the weakest among the nation's big cities because much of his power is parceled out to other authorities that set policy in important areas: education, transportation, pollution control.

Limiting Growth. Bradley intends to expand his powers and use opportunities that Yorty overlooked, reminding his commissioners of his big election mandate. He has called for the crash development of detoxification centers for drug addicts, the use of volunteer community patrols to curb street crime and gang violence in schools and the setting up of an ombudsman to initiate public hearings and investigations.

Bradley's first priority is to build the rapid transit system that auto-happy, smog-ridden Los Angeles lacks. "I already have my shovel," he says, vowing to begin construction within 18 months. He is willing to start with a piecemeal system. "We could use rail to begin with and then go on to the more sophisticated 21st century types of transportation as they are developed."

Through zoning changes, he also intends to limit the growth of the city's population (currently almost 3,000,000) to a maximum of 4,000,000, instead of the 10 million that some overly enthusiastic boosters contemplate. He will ask for a new master plan to prevent overdevelopment of the endangered Santa Monica Mountains. He hopes that his national prominence will attract the state and federal funds that he sorely needs. Unlike his predecessor, he does not plan to make so many trips out of the city for help or publicity. Let the world come to Tom Bradley—and may-be it will.

DIPLOMACY

When Halfway Is Not Enough

At a dinner given for the two leaders midway through their summit meeting in Iceland last week, Richard Nixon hoisted a glass to Georges Pompidou and offered the French President both a gracious toast and a telling reminder. "I came a little more than halfway for this meeting," Nixon said. "Your trip was four hours, mine was 5½ hours. Whether I came more than halfway in these discussions remains to be seen."

By the end of the leaders' seven hours of talks in Reykjavik, it seemed fairly clear that the U.S. President had indeed gone somewhat more than halfway—and that he might have to go much further if the "Year of Europe" is to materialize. The Iceland talks were not a failure, but neither did they produce the kind of meeting of minds needed if Nixon is to achieve a grand European summit this fall.

Pompidou looked sickly and tired as he emerged—all bundled up in hat, scarf and heavy overcoat—from his Duff-8 at Keflavik Airport. His face was puffed-up as a result of his taking a cortisone preparation, which stirred new speculation that the illness that has been dogging him for several months may be more serious than arthritis. Nixon, displaying a deep Bahamas tan, seemed visibly relieved to have a chance to escape from Watergate headlines.

On his first evening in Reykjavik, he wandered out with a single Icelandic escort and walked around chatting amiably with other strollers. The local press did not make much of his one bad gaffe. Speaking with reporters on the plane while flying from Washington to Iceland, Nixon had referred to the is-

DICK HALSTEAD



PRESIDENTS POMPIDOU & NIXON
Conception, not delivery.

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land nation as "you'll pardon the expression, a God-forsaken place."

As Henry Kissinger had outlined U.S. hopes in a briefing before the meeting, the idea was to begin defining "where we want the Atlantic relationship to go, in its deepest sense, over a ten-year period or a five-year period." Iceland was to yield the top-level "political decisions" that would provide the U.S. with a framework for the forthcoming technical negotiations on trade, troops and monetary reform.

Pompidou brought with him a different strategy. It reflected his suspicion (shared, to a lesser degree, in London and Bonn) that Washington's real purpose is considerably less cosmic: to use the threat of a unilateral withdrawal of U.S. forces in Europe, and of continued delays in the already overdue reform of the monetary system, to bludgeon the Europeans into making concessions on trade and balance of payments matters. Nixon has stressed that he has no intention of pulling out the troops; but he does contend that the Common Market should reduce its tariffs and other barriers to U.S. products.

More Gaullist. The French response is that the Market's purchases of U.S. farm products have risen 42% since 1966. Further, the French hold that before any deal is made on trade, a new world monetary system must be hammered out. Nixon disagrees, figuring that the current monetary upheaval—with the continuing weakness of the dollar—is a symptom and not the cause of the trade imbalance.

Pompidou emphasized the "extreme importance" of the U.S. military presence in Europe, as well as his own interest in early progress on monetary reform. Pompidou could claim at least one potentially significant victory. The U.S. had been toying with the notion of creating a new forum for the forthcoming negotiations on trade and currency reform. Pompidou, wary of U.S. efforts to "link" the various negotiations for bargaining advantage, insisted successfully that the negotiations be handled through existing institutions.

Pompidou yielded little ground in return. True, the French position on the Atlantic summit—which Nixon wants—softened a bit from one of "nothing doing" to "we'll see," as one Elysée spokesman put it last week. The next round of talks begins with a meeting between Kissinger and Pompidou's brusque new Foreign Minister Michel Jobert in Paris this week.

As the two Presidents parted, Pompidou told newsmen: "I allowed myself a *plaisanterie*. I said [to Nixon] that this meeting had been more like conception than delivery. Fortunately, conception is usually more pleasant than delivery."

Nixon responded with some banter of his own. "I sense that I am becoming more and more Gaullist," he told Pompidou. "It is said that I am becoming less and less so," Pompidou replied. Nixon retorted: "It doesn't show."

THE ADMINISTRATION

Of Memory and National Security

Ever since the Watergate scandal broke wide open, it had seemed probable that Nixon's former closest aides, John D. Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman, knew as many of the secrets of the sordid affair as anyone else. Last week both men stepped forward for the first time to define their own roles in a small but crucial aspect of the case. Testifying before a Senate appropriations subcommittee on their dealings with the CIA, Haldeman and Ehrlichman proved short on memory but very long on devotion to national security as a justification for their actions—clearly taking their cue from the President's own curious and unsettling manifesto of the week before.

Ehrlichman had been accused in previous Senate testimony of ordering

that defense, he seemed to be preparing a fall-back position in case his memory was later refreshed. Hypothetically entertaining the notion that he might have called the CIA on Hunt's behalf but forgotten about it, Ehrlichman said, "It must have been the first and only time I did so without presidential direction, and apparently at the request of someone else who phoned me or came to see me in California [San Clemente] to ask me to do so."

The following day, Marine Corps Commandant General Robert E.ushman Jr., the former deputy director of the CIA and the man who had implicated Ehrlichman originally, reaffirmed his recollection that Ehrlichman had instructed him to help Hunt. Daily CIA staff notes proving his contention, Cush-



Art Linkletter
The cartoonist is a member of the National Cartoonists' Society.

Security Blanket

CIA assistance for E. Howard Hunt Jr., a White House "plumber" who, after receiving such aid, helped engineer the burglary of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office. Both Ehrlichman and Haldeman had also been accused by former CIA officials of obstructing the FBI's investigation of Watergate. Specifically, they were said to have asked the CIA officials to get in touch with FBI Acting Director L. Patrick Gray III and tell him to go easy in his investigation on the ground that his agency's probe might expose CIA operations.

In a courtly, low-keyed soliloquy, Ehrlichman tried his best to brush away both accusations. He claimed he had no idea who had requested CIA assistance for Hunt, but said he was sure it had not been himself. Or rather, he was almost sure. "The best I can say to help the committee," said Ehrlichman, "is that I do not recall doing so, and the particular circumstances of the matter do not argue that I did." Even in making

man said, had been turned over to the "necessary congressional committees."

Both Ehrlichman and Haldeman responded to the second allegation being investigated by the subcommittee—the attempt to use the CIA in the Watergate cover-up—by insisting that that had not been their intention. They readily admitted that they did instruct CIA Deputy Director Vernon Walters to warn Gray that his agency's Watergate investigation might blow the cover of CIA operatives. But they claimed they did so at the specific request of President Nixon, and for legitimate reasons. Picking up the President's national-security theme, Ehrlichman said that "such questions had to be asked and answered, in the national interest."

Such was Nixon's concern, said Ehrlichman, that even after the two top CIA officials had assured the White House that no CIA operations were endangered, "the President told me then that he still personally believed and

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feared that the FBI investigation might harm the agency. He said he believed the CIA would be making a mistake if it pretended an investigation would not disclose some of its current operations." Nixon also told him, he said, that he hoped the CIA officers were "not covering up for their subordinates."

Small Sample. The most visible investigators of Watergate—the members of the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities—were recessed all last week, but Chairman Sam Ervin Jr. had apparently taken his work home with him. After thumbing through the papers that former Presidential Counsel John W. Dean III had removed from his White House office, and specifically examining documents spelling out the Administration's 1970 blueprint for increased surveillance of domestic dissidents and agitators, Ervin accused the architects of the Administration's program of "a Gestapo mentality." The usually soft-spoken Senator from North Carolina declared that "it would be a great shock to the American people" if the documents were released and the public were to learn the details of the domestic spy operations that Nixon had requested. According to Dean, who is hoping for total immunity in exchange for his testimony (see THE LAW), the documents are but a small sample of the kind of information he possesses.

Ervin is preparing to present the full 1970 Administration spy proposal to his committee, urging his colleagues to publish it in its entirety. It seems more and more likely that the White House

plumbers took their charter from the 1970 report and had concentrated far more on political opponents of the Administration than on enemies of the country. Among those targeted for burglary, TIME learned last week, was Washington, D.C.'s Brookings Institution, a prestigious, liberal-oriented research center that often produces position papers differing with Administration policies; but apparently the burglary was never carried out. However, the FBI was investigating the possibility that Hunt and Liddy had burglarized the New York offices of the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund just days after breaking into the Los Angeles office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist.

As the Watergate investigations have accelerated, Justice Department prosecutors have increasingly felt the need to quiz the President directly. The possibility of issuing a subpoena to the President was entertained as early as May 16 by Assistant U.S. Attorney Henry E. Petersen, then in charge of the case. That same question now has to be reconsidered by Special Prosecutor Archibald Cox. Indeed, Cox will have to grapple with Nixon's entire national-security defense, which, if accepted, would go far to undermine the prosecutors' case against Ehrlichman and Haldeman for obstructing justice.

When the grand jury prosecutors' desire to question the President became known last week, White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler replied that the President would not testify either in person or in writing, claiming that for him to do so would be "constitu-

tionally inappropriate." The phrase was well-chosen, for the Constitution does not specifically address the question, though it does provide a limited measure of immunity for Congressmen. What it does do is lay out precisely, in the articles of impeachment, a process for interrogating a President, and many Constitutional authorities feel that this is meant to exclude any other legal access to presidential testimony.

Republican Senator Edward Gurney, who has considerable sympathy for the President's position, wrote Ervin last week, suggesting that the committee immediately leapfrog to the central question—how involved, if at all, is Nixon?

"To continue the present leisurely pace opens us up to severe criticism," he argued. "Both the President and the nation deserve better than this." Special Prosecutor Cox is also unhappy with the Senate hearings, but for other reasons. Last week he told the committee's chief counsel, Samuel Dash, that the televised proceedings might easily prejudice the outcome of prosecutions arising from the grand jury's own investigations. He promptly denied, however, a report that he had considered court action to have the hearings stopped.

Block by Block. But Ervin is not likely to be swayed. On the contrary, Ehrlichman's and Haldeman's testimony last week would argue for the careful, block-by-block Ervin approach. Ervin and a majority of his committee members feel that this week's scheduled witnesses may provide additional highly important information.

In particular, they entertain hopes,

E. Howard Hunt, Master Storyteller

The agent who had planted the mike in the target office had tested the key, so the first barrier would yield. But the lock on the office door was a later model—pin and tumbler—and they would have to make its key on the spot ... "All right," Peter said curtly, "I don't want heroes, just the contents of the safe."

At first glance, this description of the espionage burglary of a government office building, contained in a yellowing 1965 paperback called *On Hazardous Duty*, might seem to be a rather ordinary experience in the life of Ace CIA Agent Peter Ward. As the star of a series of fictional thrillers by David St. John, Ward has had far more exciting adventures. There was the time, for instance, when he was assigned to verify the identity of the man with the scarred face who was returning from 20 years in Soviet slave labor camps to claim the throne of Spain. Or the time he went to Japan on

his own and wound up in "a wild round of I Spy, featuring Koto-playing geishas, Chi-Com masters, and a beautiful Nipponese belle who's simply murder in the bath." *Hazardous Duty's* burglary scene is of special interest, however, to readers who know that Author David St. John is really E. Howard Hunt, the convicted Watergate conspirator.

During the past 30 years, 20 of them spent working for the CIA, Hunt has managed to write no fewer than 47 novels under a string of pen names: John

Baxter, Gordon Davis and Robert Dietrich, as well as David St. John. His chief characters are Agent Ward, a younger version of Hunt himself (they both went to Brown University), and a casual, thrill-hunting Washington C.P.A., Steve Bentley, who describes the nation's capital as "a great town if you've got the stamina of a Cape buffalo and the wealth of a Punjab prince." Most of the books are predictable concoctions of es-



however slim, that G. Gordon Liddy, one of the convicted Watergate conspirators who up to now has maintained stoic silence, may talk. Also scheduled to testify this week are former re-election committee officials Robert Reiser, Hugh Sloan Jr., Maurice Stans and Liddy's secretary, Sally Harmony.

Staffers in the beleaguered White House found signs of hope where they could. Said one aide: "Conceivably the worst is over for the Commander in Chief." It was not a perception generally shared in Washington. By a vote of 63 to 19, the Senate voted to cut off all funds for the continued bombing of Cambodia (see THE WORLD). The House, which had already passed a weaker prohibition against the bombing, passed three health bills opposed by the Administration.

Some Republican strategists, including an editorial writer at the conservative *National Review*, have begun to wonder whether ousting Nixon might not be the only way to save the party's chances in 1976. Such a move would give Spiro Agnew a stint as President before he would have to run on his own. By the same token, some Democrats reason it might be better to keep the Administration dangling on the Watergate hook until 1976, even if Nixon should turn out to be impeachable. Democratic Congressman Henry S. Reuss raised anew the possibility of a bipartisan, caretaker Government under Speaker of the House Carl Albert until the next election—a prospect possible only in the unlikely event that Agnew should voluntarily resign along with Nixon.



PRESIDENT NIXON'S OCEANSIDE WESTERN WHITE HOUSE IN CALIFORNIA

THE WHITE HOUSE

Mysteries of San Clemente

The Santa Ana Register, a conservative daily in California's Orange County, caused quite a stir last month. It reported that federal investigators were looking into whether President Nixon had used as much as \$1,000,000 in unreported 1968 campaign contributions to buy his opulent San Clemente estate. The White House instantly denounced the report as "totally unfounded" and promised to supply a full explanation within 24 hours.

The statement was finally released eleven days later—but was so full of complex figures and tortured explanations that it raised many questions. It did reveal that the President had borrowed \$625,000 from a friendly industrialist in connection with the purchase; that Nixon bought the property and later sold an interest in part of it to a still unnamed investment company; and that he ultimately made a good deal for himself. The industrialist-lender was

pionage and sex in exotic settings. Hunt is said to earn \$20,000 a year from his writing.

While in the CIA, Hunt cranked out at least one, and sometimes three books a year, drawing on his knowledge of agency operations. Each time he was obliged to submit the manuscript to his superiors for approval. "I made a conscientious effort to fudge details, blurring locations and identities so they couldn't be recognized," Hunt told TIME Correspondent David Beckwith. But occasionally his superiors would censor a scene or a theme, he recalled, "and I'd learn that some episode I thought I'd made up from whole cloth had described an actual operation—one that I'd never heard about."

Hunt's newest novel, *The Berlin Ending*, is about a Willy Brandt-like character—Klaus Werber, West German Foreign Minister and notorious "anti-Communist cold warrior," perhaps to be honored with the Nobel Prize and the secretary-generalship of the United Nations. The gimmick: in truth Werber is a Soviet agent.

To be published in September, *Berlin* is a longer and more elaborately plotted version of the Hunt formula and

the Hunt style ("He was back, as the saying went, to square one"), but it is a notch above his usual work. Hunt's hero this time is ex-CIA Agent Neal Thorpe, who returns to the spy game to save Werber's beautiful stepdaughter Annalise (who knows too much). He loves espionage ("He was alive again") but loathes politics. When Thorpe snorts in disgust at a mere mention of the U.N., his mysterious CIA boss, "the man called Smith," replies: "I may agree with your appraisal of the U.N., but so long as our government counts it a worthwhile forum, I feel bound to do so too." Hunt describes the CIA as "grown old and cautious, prim, reliant on technology far more than human beings."

In the end, after a web of plots and counterplots, the mission fails, and Annalise decides to go home again and keep her mouth shut about her wicked stepfather. "God damn you!" cries Thorpe, who is facing a murder charge on her account. Everybody loses, concludes Hunt, "except Klaus Werber, who was, as the saying went, home free."

The book is dedicated to Hunt's wife Dorothy ("23 years, three months and one day"), who was killed in a plane crash last December while taking

\$10,000 in \$100 bills to Chicago. Hunt also credits his wife with suggesting the book's ending. On the way to the airport for the fatal flight, he says, "she told me that the original ending was just too pat, that the good guys won too easily. She said, 'The evildoers of the world are not always punished, sometimes the son of a bitch gets away with it and the good people don't.' I dropped her off, thought about it and decided she was right. I was sitting at the typewriter, making the changes in the ending as she suggested, when my son told me about the crash. It was her final contribution to my writing."

Hunt may be in Danbury prison awaiting final sentencing, but he has suddenly become a fairly hot literary property. Besides the new novel, he has a nonfiction account of the Bay of Pigs—in which he was involved—coming out in the fall, and his publishers are after him to write a book about Watergate as soon as he can. His current literary plans are unknown, but four months ago, not long before he went to prison, he expressed the desire to retire to Tossa, on Spain's Costa Brava, to "do a book about an ex-U.S. jailbird who is looking for peace."

THE NATION

Robert Abplanalp, the aerosol spray-valve tycoon. Still another of Nixon's helpful millionaire friends, C. Arnholt Smith, gained unwonted attention last week. He was in deep trouble with the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Internal Revenue Service (see *ECONOMY & BUSINESS*).

As the White House tells it, Nixon and Wife Pat took a fancy in 1969 to the ten-room, Spanish-style house in San Clemente where the late millionaire real estate developer Henry Hamilton Cotton liked to entertain his fellow Democrats, once including Franklin Roosevelt. The Nixons wanted only the house and a parcel of 5.9 acres, but the Cotton heirs insisted on selling the entire property, covering 24.6 acres. To swing the deal, the Nixons agreed to pay \$1.4 million, with \$400,000 in cash and a \$1,000,000 mortgage.

For the cash, Nixon borrowed heavily from Abplanalp. In 1970 he took a second loan from Abplanalp after buying a small adjacent parcel of land. The two loans put the President in debt to Abplanalp for \$625,000, on personal promissory notes at 8% interest.

This transaction raised some still unanswered questions.

First, why were details of the pur-

chase concealed for so long? When the deed covering the Nixons' original purchase was registered on July 15, 1969, Orange County Recorder J. Wylie Carlyle noticed something unusual: the real buyers were unnamed. The buyer of record was the Title Insurance & Trust Co. of Los Angeles, which was the Nixons' trustee. A rich or famous buyer may follow this procedure to avoid boosting the prices of nearby property sky-high. But, says Carlyle, "I've seen only one other deed like it, and that was for Disneyland."

Another question: Was it wise for the President to be so deeply indebted to one businessman? According to the White House, Nixon paid back the loans in December of 1970, by selling 18.7 acres of the San Clemente land to "an investment company set up by Mr. Abplanalp." In this deal, Abplanalp wiped out the \$625,000 debt and took over mortgages totaling another \$624,000. In effect that meant Abplanalp paid \$1,249,000 to the Nixons for the 18.7 acres—just about the going rate for such property.

When all the dust had settled, the Nixons were left with the house and the remaining 5.9 acres at a net cost of only \$251,000, plus \$123,514 in improve-

ments, the difference between the original purchase price and the amount paid by Abplanalp. Not counting mortgage payments, the cash outlay made by the Nixons appears to have been \$34,514.

Technically, Abplanalp may not own the acres that he bought. All the San Clemente land is still held under a trust agreement in the name of the Title Insurance & Trust Co. What the Nixons did was assign to Abplanalp's unnamed investment company "an interest in the trust." There may be sound legal or tax reasons for this, but the White House offers no fuller explanation. Meanwhile, as long as Abplanalp's company does not take formal title or develop the balance of the property, the Nixons enjoy the benefit of a generous buffer zone, at no cost to them.

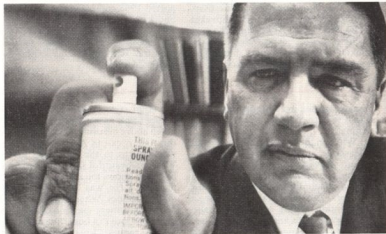
There are other oddities. A month after the Nixons had bought the whole Cotton estate, the White House still was saying that the President would buy only about five acres. And as late as last October, John Ehrlichman, then the President's Domestic Affairs adviser, told an interviewer from the *Los Angeles Times* that Nixon was still looking for a buyer for the land—the same land that the White House now claims he sold in 1970.

The President's Quiet Creditor

He likes to call himself "Big Al." He is a beefy, publicity-shy, self-made millionaire. He is also a personal financier to President Nixon. This man, Robert H. Abplanalp, 51, has found himself increasingly in the public eye—a position he ordinarily avoids—since it was learned that he lent \$625,000 toward Nixon's purchase of property in San Clemente. How did Abplanalp become the President's silent business partner, and what holds their relationship together?

Abplanalp (the name is pronounced Ab-plan-*alp* and means in Swiss-German "from flat mountain") has long had a taste for conservative causes and candidates. He was a strong Nixon supporter in the 1960 campaign, but the two men did not meet until 1963, when Nixon moved to Manhattan to practice law. In a restaurant, Abplanalp went up to shake Nixon's hand and said that he thought Nixon had been "robbed" in the 1960 election. The two struck up a friendship, and Nixon started going on vacation retreats to Abplanalp's private island in the Bahamas, Grand Cay. Nixon's law firm also began to represent Abplanalp's business, Precision Valve Corp., in its dealings overseas.

Several times a year the two men



ROBERT ABPLANALP DEMONSTRATING HIS AEROSOL SPRAY VALVE

go on fishing trips aboard Abplanalp's 55-ft. yacht, often taking along their mutual friend, Bebe Rebozo. Sometimes their families join in. Abplanalp met his wife Josephine when she worked for one of his suppliers of plastics. They have two teen-age children, John and Marie. Describing his family, Abplanalp says: "I found a beautiful broad who's a great mother—and I've got two kids."

On the relaxed, informal yacht trips, says Abplanalp, the men rarely talk politics, but the cruises offer Nixon a chance to swap fishing and sports stories with his friends. Since Nixon took office, Abplanalp's two-story, eight-bed-

room house on Grand Cay has been refurbished and enlarged. The President uses the master suite while there and often works during the early morning hours in the attached private study. Besides fishing, Nixon rides around the 125-acre island on a golf cart, and swims in the shark-filled waters—always, of course, under close watch by Secret Service agents.

Abplanalp was born in The Bronx to Swiss immigrant parents. His father was a machinist who instilled in his son a liking for gadgetry and tinkering. Abplanalp studied engineering at Villanova, but dropped out to open his own machine shop. After he returned from

Plantation Memories

The order is set forth clearly in *The U.S. Fighting Man's Code*, which is issued to all U.S. servicemen. An American prisoner of war must "continue to resist by any means available," and "obey the lawful orders" of senior U.S. officers in the P.O.W. camp in which he finds himself imprisoned. Last week the senior officer at one of those camps in North Viet Nam, Air Force Colonel Theodore W. Guy, filed charges with the Defense Department calling for courts-martial of eight former P.O.W.s—none of them from the Air Force, and all enlisted men.

Colonel Guy's F-4 fighter-bomber was shot down over Laos in 1968, and he was imprisoned in the "Plantation Gardens," a camp on the outskirts of Hanoi. Guy, 44, a stiff-backed professional officer, was appalled by what he found: more than 100 polyglot prisoners, Americans and others, civilians and servicemen. Though he was held in solitary much of the time, Guy issued orders by tapping in code on his cell walls. Men who, under torture or duress, had been cooperating with the enemy by

World War II to find his shop had fallen \$10,000 in debt, he slowly began to work his way out. One day, a customer brought in an aerosol spray can with an expensive but unreliable valve that had leaked. Abplanalp began thinking of ways to solve the problem, and eventually designed a new, less leak-prone valve.

After winning a patent for it, he founded Precision Valve Corp. in Yonkers, N.Y. The company now manufactures and markets 60% of the aerosol valves used in the world. President Abplanalp is sole owner of the company and has a net worth estimated at close to \$100 million. He also has a reputation for hiring the handicapped and being a beneficent boss. When he is not in the Bahamas, Abplanalp lives in the highly restricted New York suburb of Bronxville, where he continues to pump money into conservative political campaigns, including the 1970 election of Conservative-Republican Senator James Buckley.

What is the secret of Abplanalp's friendship with Nixon? "I think the President is intrigued with me," Abplanalp once replied. Along with Rebozo and John Connally, he seems to possess qualities that the President admires. All are confident, blunt-talking, self-made individualists. Abplanalp also can be self-effacing. He once declared: "Edison said genius was 99% perspiration and 1% inspiration. I say it's 2% inspiration, 8% work, and 90% luck. I'm a lucky guy."



AIR FORCE COLONEL THEODORE GUY
"Certain people talked."

making antiwar statements were told to taper off and eventually to desist completely.

Yet eight men,* according to Guy and other former prisoners, continued to make statements and otherwise collaborate. Guy asserts that these men failed to adhere to the code of conduct, undermined efforts of fellow prisoners to set up an organization, and sought the cooperation of their fellow prisoners in collaboration. As a result, they allegedly secured favors—including beer, peanuts and popcorn, and trips to Hanoi. Guy said that partly because "certain people talked," he was beaten by guards—"I had some teeth knocked out and I had my stomach muscles kicked loose." All eight of the men he has accused, said Guy, disrupted his command by failure to cooperate, and also by revealing what he was doing to organize the prisoners and by running their own counter-organization.

Forgive and Honor? Many former P.O.W.s and their wives voiced approval of the pressing of the charges, though some Pentagon and State Department officials had urged Guy not to do so. The Secretaries of the Army and the Navy will now decide whether the charges merit courts-martial. Most of the accused themselves expressed surprise on hearing of the charges; at least two of them voiced public denials. They had relied on former Defense Secretary Melvin Laird's promise to "forgive and honor" returned P.O.W.s. Two men had been taking steps to re-enlist, until Guy's charges hit them. One of these men, Private Frederick Elbert of Brentwood, L.I., made a telling remark: "Colonel Guy has been through a hell of a lot—and so have the rest of us."

*Three Marines: Sergeant Abel Kavanaugh, Staff Sergeant Alfonso Riate and Private Frederick Elbert; and five Army men: Specialist Four Michael P. Branch, Staff Sergeant Robert Chenoweth, Staff Sergeant James A. Daly Jr., Staff Sergeant King Rayford Jr. and Staff Sergeant John A. Young.

Life with Father

While controversy swirls around the conduct of a few former prisoners of war, the vast majority of the 680 returned P.O.W.s continue to settle into the routine of free life. For most, the past three months have been a difficult time of readjustment and acceptance. To find out what that period has been like, *TIME* Correspondent Philip Taubman repeatedly visited Air Force Lieut. Colonel Kenneth North and his family in Wellfleet, Mass. Taubman's report:

At first, it is hard to tell that Ken North, now 43, has been away for 6½ years in North Viet Nam. When Nancy, 14, and Jodi, 15, bring their report cards home from school, they sit expectantly next to their father as he examines the grades. Amy, 11, tugs at Dad's sleeve, pleading for permission to take her sunflower seedlings on the Norths' Florida vacation "to see how they grow." Before dinner, Cindy, at 17 the eldest of the four daughters, discusses her plans for an evening out. "I won't be too late," she promises.

But just beyond the table talk and the girls' tickling attacks on Ken, there is a world of rediscovery in this house, a father getting to know his wife and children, a family learning to be a family again. "The kids are going 90 m.p.h. and I'm going ten," says Ken. "It's hard understanding a 17-year-old high school senior when you last knew her as a grade school child."

The shocks of re-entry hit Ken every day. "We've had dinner discussions when the girls used such vivid language that I was at a loss about how to clean it up," he jokes. His eleven-year-old lectures him on Women's Liberation. "She tells me how she is a person and has to be able to express herself," he says in disbelief. In prison, he once took a vow that he would never let long-haired boys into his house. Now, he admits, "well, they've come and they've stayed."

The accommodation has to work both ways. Ken says, "I don't want them to pity me, and I don't want them to think 'Daddy's home again and he's going to crack the whip.' I never want them to think 'Why doesn't he go back to Viet Nam?'" When the girls once asked him whether he was tortured, he said "Yes," and the family left it at that.

The comely housewife Ken left behind has helped organize P.O.W. wives, and she now is a selectwoman of her town. Before Ken's return, she worried that she would be reluctant to give up the responsibilities she had taken on in his absence. Instead she finds she has "this tremendous sense of relief. There's no longer a void to fill."

Adjustments to the outside world have also been unsettling. When Ken takes the girls out for ice cream cones, he is likely to offer the cashier a dollar and wait for change, only to find the change is not in his favor: "That's a buck thirty-five, mister." When North

Life without Father

When the Communists released the names of their prisoners—and then the prisoners themselves—the families of 1,340 men had to bear a shock: those 1,340 were still officially listed as missing in action. Legally, the M.I.A.s are still alive, but their wives and children live in a limbo of both legal and personal uncertainties. Last week a salute to veterans was held at the Cotton Bowl in Dallas. Such public celebrations serve only to intensify the anguish of M.I.A. wives, and some stayed away. One such wife, interviewed by TIME's Joseph J. Kane, is Peggie Duggan of El Paso.

"I ran into the worst emotional bump when the lists of prisoners came out," says Peggie Duggan. "I was really expecting a big list. My antenna was up. Then I watched the P.O.W.s return on television. I don't know—I couldn't stay away—it was like a bird being hypnotized by a snake."

"Now, whenever I see a returned P.O.W. I bite my cheek inside, and then I know I won't cry. Whenever you hear certain songs, you know you've had it. I come home and play the piano or the organ. I play a lot of Bach—oh, do I play a lot of Bach."

Peggie Duggan, a handsome brunette of 34, lives with her two children in a large house atop Mount Franklin overlooking El Paso. It is elegantly furnished with Persian rugs, brass candlesticks and French Provincial chairs. On New Year's Eve in 1971 Peggie Duggan received an unexpected visit from an Air Force major with a grim message: the F-4D jet fighter flown by her husband, Major William Young Duggan, 38, had been shot down that same day over the Ho Chi Minh Trail in Laos. It was his second combat tour in Viet Nam, his 454th combat mission—and in the 17 months since then nothing has been heard about him.

Harsh Reality. Talk in the Duggan household usually runs to teen-age beauty contests, minor league baseball games or a month-long visit to the family ranch near Austin. But Peggie Duggan lives with the reality that her husband may never be found. At first she left everything as it was, not moving, for example, the old truck that her husband liked to drive.

Until last week Texas law, like the law in most other states, declared that a person had to be missing for seven years before he could be declared legally dead. But at the urging of Peggie Duggan, Governor Dolph Briscoe personally wrote an amendment, which passed the legislature just three minutes before the deadline of its final session last week. Now a man missing in action is considered dead when the Pentagon issues a death certificate.

With that, Peggie at last will be able to sell stock that is held in Bill's name. The Air Force sends her two-thirds of his paycheck of about \$1,800 a month;

it deposits the rest in a savings account that cannot be drawn on unless a reason is given in writing.

"The terror needs time to heal," she says. "I just cling to a fleeting hope. Maybe they were all murdered, but I can only hope they will find one of them in a cave somewhere."

The Duggans' daughter Charlotte Ann, 13, believes her father is very much alive. Before she will change her mind, she says, "I'll have to see his body." Her brother Robert Scott, 12, is painfully reconciled to the possibility of his father's death. Their mother fills her days as a coordinator for the National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia. She is also a volunteer publicist for community affairs in El Paso's public schools. "The only thing I can do is stay extremely busy in the daytime so that I just collapse at night," she says. "I go to every dum-dum thing that comes along. I've been active before, but never with such hysteria. I cannot stand to think about it—if I relax, I cry."

Peggie Duggan sees little chance that she will marry again. "It depends. Ann sanctifies her father, and I'm not sure anyone should ask to marry us. We still keep a home for Bill." She can understand wives who have given up hope, but she is not planning to install any grave markers in her husband's memory, and she is nervously noncommittal about the future. "I just put one foot in front of the other. It's not that I am being optimistic, I'm just grasping for straws."

"The wives of P.O.W.s and those killed in action can run the full grief cycle. But the M.I.A. wife can never complete the cycle. You can only go 359 degrees, and then you start all over again."



LIEUT. COLONEL NORTH & DAUGHTERS
Learning to be a family again.

was in prison, he occasionally thought about the two homes he might own. "Now," he says, "I've discovered I can't afford those dreams and plans. Inflation has been so staggering I can't even equate my income with the cost of living and be confident I'll have any money left at the end of the month."

As part of his six-month leave, North took his family to Walt Disney World in Florida. Watching his children dash from Mr. Toad's Wild Ride to the Mad Tea Party, he kept wondering "What would the North Vietnamese think of this place? They wouldn't believe it!"

Ken plans to stay in Wellfleet for a while, though home is a house that he had never seen until a few months ago. When he returns to duty in August, he and his family will move to Newport, R.I., where Ken will enroll at the Naval War College for eleven months to advance toward his ultimate goal: the command of a fighter wing. Then, perhaps in ten more years, he wants to retire to Wellfleet.

On these spring afternoons, Ken and his golden retriever Willie walk for miles along the empty beach. "I love the sky and the sea," says Ken. "I can't get enough of them after all those years in a dark cell." He muses on the fact that people in Wellfleet often salute each other: "Have a nice day." "I can't help having a nice day!" he exclaims. "I've never been happier in my life."

As a prisoner, North dreamed of how "I'd get everyone to sit down and tell me everything that happened while I was gone—things like asking Cindy about her first love." Now, he says, after thumbing through a stack of snapshots taken when he was away, "I'm not going to do that. I'm not going to look back and feel sorry for myself. I say, let's go from here."



PEGGIE DUGGAN & DAUGHTER
Waiting to complete the cycle.

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The Uncommonness of Common Sense

There are three kinds of senses: physical, common and non-. The first is used (and abused) by everyone. The last has become the property of infants, absurdists and politicians. And the one in the middle? Strung between the poles of the supernatural and the occult, it suffers from disuse and neglect. The nation suffers along with it.

There was a time when native intelligence was the salient American virtue. When Citizen Tom Paine wished to incite his countrymen, he titled his pamphlet *Common Sense*. His colleague Benjamin Franklin made a career of common sense; *Poor Richard* was a seed catalogue of utilitarian philosophy ("The used key is always bright"). By the early 19th century, De Tocqueville noted that *Poor Richard* had gone public. "Without ever having taken the trouble to define the rules of a philosophical method," he wrote, Americans "are in possession of one, common to the whole people."

The method: shrewd conclusion based on empirical observation. What the eyes could see, the wits could solve. At the zenith of the Darwinian revolution, Oliver Wendell Holmes assured his countrymen: "Science is a first-rate piece of furniture for a man's upper-chamber, if he has common-sense on the ground floor."

But in the 20th century, that floor became cluttered with the jargon and rhetoric of specialists and experts. Occasionally, a native wit would appear and be lionized for his logic—Will Rogers, for example, or for that matter, Dr. Spock, who shrewdly titled his 1946 volume *The Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care*. But by mid-century, sense was no longer common. Today the American public can be intimidated by those who ask Chico Marx's question: "Who you gonna believe, me or your own eyes?"

ITEM: The Energy Crisis. As every driver knows, automobiles, not nations, now stand accused of the abuse of power (65% of American workers inefficiently drive to their jobs—most of them sans passengers). Common sense, then, would dictate new attention—and funding—for railroads, buses and subways. Instead, the House of Representatives has just refused to allow new funds for mass transit. Meanwhile, as fuel supplies dwindle, new appliances are creating absurd demands. Among other concerned legislators, Senator Henry Jackson concludes: "We need to ask whether we must despoil the hills in Appalachia to air-condition sealed-glass towers in New York. We need to ask whether we must put ourselves in hock to Middle East sheikdoms to keep roads clogged with gas-hungry cars." As yet, Americans have not answered, nor even asked, those sensible questions.

ITEM: Increasing and Reducing. After half a year, Dr. Atkins' *Diet Revolution* remains a nonfiction bestseller. Manifestly, overweight Americans still seek an easy way to play the scales. Today he and she are assured that eggs are good; yesterday they learned that calories don't count; before that it was rice or grapefruit or fish diets. Only the commonsensical, apparently, have concluded that the less they eat, the lighter they weigh. Or that the more they exercise, the more fit they feel. Thus snowmobiles and golf carts do a brisk business; mayonnaise and Dr. Atkins are enjoying their best years; and salons employ new electric reducing machines—which, in turn, contribute to the energy crisis.

ITEM: Sex. This arena has never been famous for logic or wisdom. Today absurdities bloom anew. Sex education is

fought by parents and school systems. Meanwhile, VD reaches epidemic proportions. The crucial moral clash over abortion has drowned out a much saner debate: how to develop a safe, certain contraceptive that the world will use.

ITEM: Relevance. The activist '60s are vanishing from history with remarkable velocity. The good, it seems, is interred with their banes. The evil lives on in the name of "relevance." Under that umbrella huddle the artifices of mis-education—the dropping of the classics, history curriculums that rewrite or annihilate the past, "soul studies." All contribute to an atmosphere hostile to knowledge. True learning is concerned with the unfamiliar—the "irrelevant" made comprehensible. The student who looks for relevance seldom learns that it sits neglected in the chronicles and studies of individuals and societies that passed this way long ago.

ITEM: The Drug Culture. Disturbed by the encroaching headlines, Americans have condemned, with justifiable rancor, youth's indiscriminate use of uppers and downers. At

the same time, adults assure themselves that trouble ends at a bottle of Quaalude, that sleep is contained in Seconal, that energy can be stimulated with a few wisely chosen compounds. Common sense, it would seem, often stops at the family medicine cabinet.

ITEM: Uselessness. "If youth knew, if age could" runs the ancient folk observation. Today age knows, but is shunted aside, forced to retire before it is ready, made to feel superfluous and wasteful. Youth can, but also sits outside the system, uncertain of its identity or purpose. Native wit would dictate that these groups profit from consultation, that new and useful energies could benefit a third party—the rest of the country. Instead, age and youth remain segregated and restless. And their problems lie unsolved and burgeoning.

ITEM: Pollution. The use of "improved" chemicals exacts a usurious price. Clothes are more immaculate, but rivers are dirtier. Insecticides help fruit to ripen undisturbed, but as insects die, so do birds and fish and mammals. Preservatives give packaged food a longer shelf life, but they may also cause disease. As the latter-day Poor Richard, Barry Commoner, has observed: "There is no such thing as a free lunch." Nonetheless, that illogical meal remains the most actively sought of all contemporary national goals. (On the other hand, the parvenu naturalists attack the machine as a malignant monster—though, if pollution is ever to be overcome, it will not be by nature but by technology.)

The list of equally absurd goals remains endless. After years of generously funded studies, pundits announce what the canny observer has concluded without aid: that airports have grown less efficient, for example, or that the poor are more victimized by crime than the middle class. Specialization, abstraction and rhetorical overkill—all have made native wit afraid to show its face. Political candidates no longer employ the folk idiom in their speeches. Humorists rarely use the short, aced idiom of Lincoln, Twain—or a Hoosier caricaturist named Kin Hubbard. A pity. In the voice of Abe Martin, a wise old rustic, Hubbard once cracked: "Ther's some folks standin' behind th' President that ought 't git around where he kin watch 'em." No matter how informed its consultants, how great its G.N.P., a country without that kind of wit is an underprivileged nation. That's only common sense.

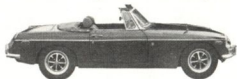
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GREECE

The Colonel Fires His King

"He cooperated with all kinds of reactionaries, turned against the armed forces and behaved like a party leader of adventurers, fellow travelers, saboteurs and even murderers." With those sharp words, Premier George Papadopoulos, in a ten-minute, nationwide broadcast, last week abolished the monarchy and appointed himself head of the new Greek Republic.

Papadopoulos, who is not only chief of the military junta that has ruled the nation since 1967 but also Greece's regent, denounced exiled King Constantine (see box) for "an unforgivable lack

of maturity." He accused Constantine of supporting an abortive coup planned by royalist naval officers, which gave Papadopoulos an ideal excuse to extend the junta's heavyhanded rule and depose the King.

Under the constitution that Papadopoulos promulgated in 1968, which provides that the King is titular head of state, last week's announcement that Greece had become a republic was patently illegal. But it did not come as much of a surprise. Originally, the colonels had used the throne as a way of giving their rule some illusion of legitimacy. King Constantine's refusal to return to Greece from exile in Rome until democracy was restored had long since made a mockery of that claim.

At week's end there was no clear-cut evidence that Constantine had any knowledge of the attempt to overthrow the junta, which government spokesmen initially brushed off as an "operetta" involving "a handful" of men, including two retired admirals. But shortly afterward, 32 senior naval officers were arrested and presumably will be tried on charges of treason. Then 31 other navymen, led by the commander of the destroyer *Velos*, mutinied and were granted asylum at the port of Fiumicino in Italy. Then the government admitted that the "operetta" had been a serious attempt at revolution.

According to junta spokesmen, the plot called for "as many as possible" of the Greek navy's ten destroyers and seven submarines to rendezvous at the Aegean island of Syros. From there, an

ultimatum would be issued to the junta in Athens: either restore democracy or face a blockade of Greece's two principal ports, Piraeus and Salonika.

The night before the coup was to take place, three destroyer captains who had thrown in with the conspirators witlessly gave the plot away. With their vessels tied up at the tightly guarded Greek naval base in Salamis, the captains told crew members to remain aboard because of "top secret maneuvers" set for the next day. When no men went ashore that night, shore police became suspicious and began questioning the crew. After government officials heard the story about unscheduled maneuvers, the captains were arrested.

Meanwhile, Captain Nicholas Papas, commander of the *Velos*, was engaged in NATO maneuvers in the Med-

1 P P



PAPADOPOULOS ABOLISHING THE THRONE
An ideal excuse.



CONSTANTINE & ANNE-MARIE
No clear-cut evidence.

A Royally Low Roman Profile

For the past five years, the handsome, boyish King of the Hellenes has languished in comfortable Roman exile. When not taking correspondence courses in political science from Cambridge University, he has spent much of his time playing wretched rounds of golf (with balls supplied by Richard Nixon) or sailing in an assured, near professional style (he was an Olympic gold medalist in 1960). Deadly serious about his future, King Constantine, 33, has conscientiously kept up with Greek politics since the failure of a 1967 attempt to oust the junta forced him to flee his homeland.

Despite the benefit of a \$580,000 annual allowance provided by the junta, Constantine has kept a deliberately low profile in Rome. The King, his pretty, temperamental Danish-born wife, Queen Anne-Marie, 26, and their three small children live in a modest but handsomely situated rented villa on the Via di Porta Latina. Queen Mother Frederika, 56, and Constantine's sister, Princess Irene, 31, live in a more secluded villa north of Rome. Ex-

cept for occasional appearances at horse shows and the like, all avoid Rome's lively social scene.

Although revered by many Greeks as a living symbol of national unity, Constantine has no blood relations in the country. The royal family is descended from a Danish prince of the House of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, who was installed by Russia, France and Britain on the throne in 1863, as King George I. Since Constantine's exile, there has been occasional speculation that he might eventually give up his Roman villa and join his wife's family in Denmark. But, says a friend, "if he moved into a palace in Copenhagen, it would look too much like a permanent exile. He wants to make it look as if he's ready to go back to Athens any time."

At week's end that seemed like a faint prospect indeed. Nonetheless, Constantine—no intellectual, but politically sharp—is well aware that Greece's royal family has been deposed, exiled and recalled several times. Presumably, he has patience enough to wait for the day when Greeks might once again decide that the rule of a democratic King is better than that of a despotic commoner.

THE WORLD

iterranean when news was flashed about the misfired *coup d'état*. "All of the officers with me immediately demanded that we act," Pappas told TIME last week. "Our colleagues, and some of our best friends, had been arrested. As their commander, I had to make a decision, and I saw before me two choices: I could have taken my ship with its 8,000 rounds of high-explosive ammunition back to Crete or some other Greek island and demanded the release of those officers under threat of blowing the place up. But rather than risk starting a civil war, I chose to bring my ship into Italy and ask for asylum here to tell the world the truth of what is happening in Greece."

Pappas said that all of the 270 officers and crew on the ship were sympathetic with his action. But he carefully limited the number to come with him, and insisted that those with large families at home, who could be the subject of reprisals, remain aboard. Under a new captain, the destroyer returned to its NATO exercises.

Bitter Broadside. In the wake of the coup, there were reports that the regime had rounded up hundreds of civilians and military men who were suspected of being royalist partisans. Last week, Papadopoulos sacked his chief of the navy after sitting down to dinner with him the night before. The air force was also grounded for fear that dissident pilots would fly their planes to Italy, in a show of support for the coup.

There is little doubt that popular sentiment against Papadopoulos' regime has risen sharply in recent months. Amid charges of corruption in high places, junta favoritism to business interests, accelerating inflation and the decreasing value of the drachma (which is tied to the dollar), student unrest

broke into the open this spring. Last month, exiled former Premier Constantine Caramanlis, 66, issued a bitter broadside from Paris against the regime, calling for its resignation and the return of the King to oversee the restoration of democracy.

The government last week sought to link Caramanlis with the attempted coup. Close associates of the respected ex-Premier insisted that he had nothing to do with it, but Caramanlis is known to have strong support in the military. His appeal fell on fertile ground. "There is a lot of ferment in all branches of the services," said Captain Pappas last week. "There are many committees that have been formed, all talking about ousting this regime."

At week's end the rule of the colonels seemed secure. The ruler of the rulers, indisputably, was Papadopoulos, 54, who in addition to being Premier and provisional President is Minister of both Defense and Foreign Affairs. Son of a village schoolteacher, Papadopoulos is a gruff, wily former intelligence officer who combines fanatical hatred of Communism and anarchy with a strong puritanical bent. Although Greece's populace, by and large, accepted the change in government passively, there is some question as to how long Papadopoulos, who is widely disliked, can keep the lid on an explosive situation. Many Greeks have mixed feelings about King Constantine, but the monarchy has traditionally been viewed as a symbolic support of democracy. Last week the Premier promised a national referendum on a new constitution and parliamentary elections by the end of next year. But with the old constitution which Papadopoulos himself helped draft now in tatters, Greeks might well ask of what value any new one will be.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Sectarian Victory

Ulstermen in record numbers flocked to the polls last Wednesday for Northern Ireland's first provincial election in four years. Their impressive turnout—about 70% of the eligible voters—cheered moderates in the strife-torn province. That so many people participated in the balloting for local district councilmen suggested that Ulster might be taking a first step toward rational discourse rather than sectarian violence.

Not so. When the results trickled in at week's end, it was clear that the voters had returned to the traditional patterns of Orange and Green politics.

The Protestant-dominated Unionist Party, led by former Prime Minister Brian Faulkner, swept the Protestant vote. Most Catholics supported the Social, Democratic and Labor Party (S.D.L.P.). Most disappointing, the moderate and non-sectarian Alliance Party finished a poor fourth, trailing even candidates of the Protestant extremists. Noted the Belfast *Telegraph*: "The people have spoken and their terms are uncompromising."

In themselves, last week's elections were not very important. With the British government assuming rule over most potentially "divisive" matters, the 26 district councils have little to do besides consumer protection and sanitation. More significant will be the voting for the 78 members of Ulster's new provincial Assembly on June 28 and the later formation of a new executive body—both prescribed by Britain's recent White Paper (TIME, April 2).

For all their sectarianism, the Unionists and the S.D.L.P. do support the White Paper. Moderates now look to the Assembly election for the first real ray of hope that Ulster may choose the ballot box rather than the bomb.

South of the border, the overwhelmingly Catholic populace of the Republic of Ireland demonstrated, in a remarkably peaceful election, that politics need not be sectarian. For only the second time in the Republic's history, Irish voters elected a Protestant to the largely ceremonial office of President. He is London-born Erskine Childers, 67, a former Cabinet member, son of Robert Erskine Childers, an Englishman who involved himself in the Irish struggle for independence and paid for it with a martyr's death. Erskine Childers, who is a member of the conservative Fianna Fáil, which lost control of the government three months ago, defeated Thomas O'Higgins, the candidate of the governing Fine Gael and Labor coalition, by a vote of 636,162 to 587,577. When he starts his seven-year term later this month, Childers will succeed Eamon de Valera, 91, who has dominated Irish public life for half a century.



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INDOCHINA

Second Attempt at a Truce

Viet Nam peace negotiations have by now acquired a certain *déjà vu* quality. Presidential Adviser Henry Kissinger and North Viet Nam's Le Duc Tho confer in Paris and make a tentative deal. Then Kissinger, or an aide, flies off to Saigon to win the concurrence of South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu, who raises some objections. The two principal negotiators go back to Paris to resolve the difficulties. That is the point at which Kissinger will find himself this week when he once again meets Tho in an attempt to resuscitate the faltering Viet Nam truce.

In Washington last week, Kissinger stressed that this supposedly final round of talks "concerns almost entirely methods of implementation rather than renegotiation." The discussions were necessary, he went on, because of a lack of "willingness to observe provisions that are clearly understood"—apparently a reference to Saigon as well as Hanoi.

Translated into plain English, Kissinger's statement amounted to an unhappy admission that fighting has continued in the four months since the truce agreement was signed. In spite of their questionable accuracy, figures released last week by Saigon reflect the level of violence: 21,455 Communist and 5,510 South Vietnamese soldiers killed, at least 3,530 civilians dead or wounded.

Neither Side. To be sure, there have been some notable changes since January. American G.I.s have gone home, prisoners have been exchanged, and Viet Cong officers—escorted always by South Vietnamese security troops—drive around Saigon. There is also the ineffectual presence of the four-nation International Commission of Control and Supervision (ICCS), created to monitor the adherence of both sides to the truce. The Hungarian and Polish commission members, who consider themselves Hanoi's representatives, have employed dilatory and obstructionist tactics to prevent the Canadian and Indonesian members from investigating reported truce violations. Last week External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp announced that Canada would quit the paralyzed, dissension-torn ICCS at the end of July. A high-ranking Canadian official privately explained that his government was tired of trying "to supervise a peace that is kept by neither side."

The decision by Ottawa was a distinct disappointment to Washington, which had urged the Canadians to stay on, arguing that in another month or so many of the frustrating problems of the ICCS might be resolved. Convinced that Canada's decision is final, the State Department has sounded out Brazil and Mexico as possible replacements.

Washington's belief that things may be looking up is based on the expecta-

tion that Kissinger and Tho will announce an agreement, which, among other things, will provide for an immediate and strict cease-fire throughout South Viet Nam and a withdrawal of all troops from the Demilitarized Zone. More important, the two sides must exchange maps delineating the areas under their control. Next, the National Council of National Reconciliation and Concord must constitute itself to include representatives of the Viet Cong, the Thieu government and members of the so-called third party. Under the truce signed in January, this council should have been in operation by the end of April. One of its principal tasks is to prepare the way for a national election. Thieu, however, will oppose any attempt by the council to function as a coalition government superior to him. For its part, the U.S. will cease aerial reconnaissance flights over North Viet Nam and will resume the mine-clearing operations in the North's harbors and rivers. It will also resume talks with Hanoi about postwar economic aid.

Saigon, under U.S. pressure, apparently has accepted these terms. Hanoi too is amenable, perhaps because it has already replaced most of the matériel it expended during the 1972 Easter offensive. The North also seems to have shifted its strategy. Its party line these days is that a great victory has been won, since for the first time in 115 years no foreign troops occupy Viet Nam. Now the revolution must be carried forward by political rather than military means. One Communist directive urges its cadres to work harder at building the economic and political infrastructure by growing rice and making villages self-sufficient. In some areas, Viet Cong and North Vietnamese troops spend at least half of each day planting crops and cutting wood.

This socially oriented industriousness is accompanied by an ideological soft-sell. Recently, for example, a Viet Cong unit in the Delta captured a 17-year-old boy and carried him off to a Communist-controlled area. Instead of forcibly drafting him into the army, cadre members talked to him for five days, showed him life on the "other side," and then asked him if he wanted to remain. When he declined, he was set free.

Expanded Regime. This new approach suggests that the Communists might really be willing to give the truce a chance, at least for a time. With a cease-fire in Laos more or less in effect, that would leave only the Cambodian mess to be resolved. The U.S. hopes it can nudge Cambodia's former head of state, exiled Prince Norodom Sihanouk, and Khmer insurgent leaders into talks with members of the expanded regime of Marshal Lon Nol in Phnom-Penh.



CANADIAN ICCS MEMBERS IN SAIGON
End to an ineffectual presence.

The survival of the Lon Nol government is due in large measure to continued U.S. bombing of Khmer insurgent positions. The days of that kind of help may be numbered. In the U.S. Senate last week, a majority of Republicans and Democrats voted 63-19 in favor of an amendment that would shut off funds for further bombing of Cambodia. The House passed a similar though less sweeping measure in early May. When and if the two houses approve a compromise version, Congress will, for the first time, be united in formal opposition to continued U.S. fighting in Southeast Asia.

BRITAIN

The Princess and the Dragon

Once upon a time, princesses automatically married princes or other noblemen, as surely as knights rescued damsels in distress. Not any more—not even British princesses. Last week, Buckingham Palace announced "with the greatest pleasure" the engagement of Queen Elizabeth's only daughter, Anne Elizabeth Alice Louise Windsor, 22, to Lieut. Mark Phillips, 24, a handsome commoner in the Queen's Dragoon Guards.

Anne had prepared Britons for the possibility of a nonroyal match from the time she grew into long-legged womanhood. "Princesses are getting a bit short on the [marriage] market," she once noted. "I'll soon be next, but they will have a job marrying me off to some-



PRINCESS ANNE & FIANCE MARK
A bride for the bride?



THE "PRETTY SIMPLE" RING

one I don't want." Anne also had precedent going for her. Her aunt, Princess Margaret, now 42, made the big break in 1960, when she wed Antony Armstrong-Jones, an untitled photographer. Since then, three of the Queen's cousins, Princess Alexandra, the Duke of Kent and Prince Richard of Gloucester, have also chosen spouses outside the nobility.

Primrose Hue. Traditionalists, however, could take heart from the fact that Phillips is an uncommon commoner. His family is what the British refer to as "county"—people of comfortable means who have homes and stables in the counties and hold high business or professional positions, if they work at all. The Phillipses have a handsome 16th century house of Cotswold stone and primrose hue in Great Somerford, Wiltshire, about 80 miles west of London. Mark's grandfather was an equerry to King George VI. His father, Peter Phillips, is a director of T. Wall & Sons, a large produce firm that specializes in pork sausages and ice cream (and which, incidentally, is an official purveyor to the Queen). Mark attended Marlborough College, one of Britain's best public (meaning private) schools, before entering the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Though he was an

all-round athlete at school, his favorite sport is the same as Anne's—horse riding.

The couple first met during the 1968 Olympic Games in Mexico City, when Phillips was a reserve member of the British equestrian team. They continued to bump into each other at other equestrian events. For a while, Anne, who won a European riding championship in 1971, appeared smitten with another dashing horseman, Richard Meade, who gallantly rose to Anne's defense last year when some blackguard suggested that her riding ability was overrated. Anne later cheered both Phillips and Meade as they won gold medals at the Olympic Games in Munich.

No Romance. Sadly for lovers of fairy tales, it turns out that the two men were not really competing for the spirited princess's hand. London gossip has it that Meade was never a suitor but acted as a cover for Phillips. Anne, who inherits her father's fondness for playing games with the press, contributed to the confusion. As recently as March, Anne royally fibbed that there was no romance between her and the strapping soldier. In fact, they actually became engaged in mid-April; the official announcement was delayed until, according to protocol, Commonwealth leaders and the Archbishop of Canterbury had been duly informed.

Phillips, who had been posted with his regiment to West Germany, returned to Britain for the announcement. When he and his honey-blond fiancée entertained newsmen at Buckingham Palace, the straight-backed cavalry officer confessed that he was "petrified" when he asked Prince Philip's permission for the marriage. Anne, who said the wedding would be some time in November, showed off her engagement ring. "It's pretty simple," she said. "A sapphire in the middle and a diamond on each side." After his car's faulty battery had been repaired by mechanics at Buckingham Palace, Mark set off to rejoin his regiment. The Dragoons may be heading next for Northern Ireland, but not likely with Mark. He is going

to become an instructor at Sandhurst, with the rank of acting captain and a salary of \$6,625 a year.

The couple should not lack for cash. The Queen, reputed to be one of the world's wealthiest women, will no doubt provide a dazzling dowry. In addition, Anne, as the fourth in line to the British crown, will get a huge increase in her state allowance upon her marriage—a point that gave Britain's Communist daily an excuse for its lese-majesté coverage of the engagement. While most of the British press ran streams of type (530 column inches in the *Daily Express*), the *London Morning Star* carried two curt sentences: "Princess Anne will get a £20,000 rise, to £35,000 a year [\$87,500], when her marriage to Lieut. Mark Phillips, announced yesterday, takes place. It has not been decided where they will live."

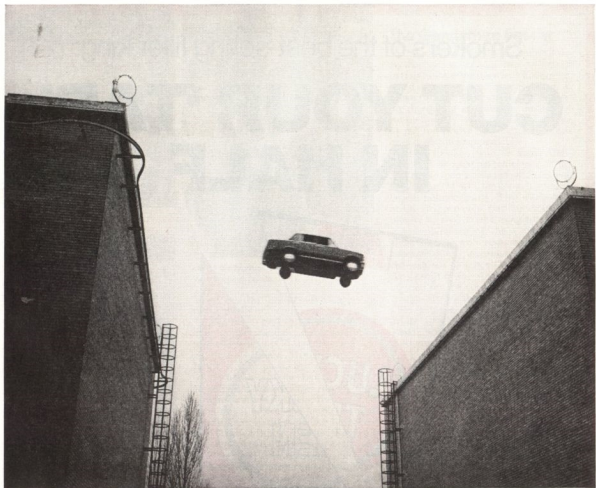
Wherever the couple sets up house, Britons will be waiting to see if young Mark can bridle some of his bride's temperament. Though Anne can charm, she can also chafe. As one British court-watcher puts it: "She has imperious moods when that pendulous Windsor lower lip droops and the arrogance of centuries emerges." She has never enjoyed performing royal duties as much as her elder brother Prince Charles (who remains the world's most eligible royal single). She makes little attempt to disguise boredom. "I'm an expert on opening Kleenex factories and such," she once observed. Anne will still be expected to earn her salary with public appearances. Doubtless she will also find time to pursue such other interests as the movies, West End plays, skiing—and of course riding.

Talking to Teddy

The steamy British sex-and-politics scandal that forced a pair of Tory aristocrats to resign from public office simmered down a bit last week. Nonetheless, a few *divertissements* from the affair continued to provide London gossips with dining-out conversation.

Most of the tidbits involved Lord Lambton, the Under Secretary of Defense for the Royal Air Force who resigned (pleading "credulous stupidity") after an investigation had linked him to Call Girls Norma Levy and Kim Pinder. Asked by a BBC interviewer why a man of "social position, charm and personality" felt impelled to visit a whore, Lambton replied: "I think that people sometimes like variety. It is as simple as that. If a man tells another man he went to bed with two pretty girls, the man would say 'lucky dog.'" Asked if he felt there was something like an international vice ring involved, he shrugged. "It's a sort of international organization—like the Boy Scouts. You know, hands across the sea."

As more stories about his indiscretions emerged, Lambton began to appear almost incredibly naive. Although he had taken the coy precaution of us-



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THE WORLD



THE BUGGED BEAR



CALL GIRL KIM PINDER

ing a code name ("Lucas") with his favorite paramour, he once arrived at her flat in a chauffeur-driven official limousine. He also paid for his trysts (at prices ranging from \$125 to \$625 a visit) with \$1,800 worth of checks imprinted "Viscount Lambton" and drawn on his personal account at Lloyd's Bank. At one point he asked his partner: "You won't tell anyone I come here, will you?" Unwittingly, he was being recorded by a microphone that was hidden in the nose of his tart's Teddy bear, while a movie camera behind a two-way mirror filmed the duo.

Undistracted by Lambton's self-conscious musings, a select Permanent Commission on Security is to begin hearings in London on reports that national security might have been violated in the romp. Scotland Yard pressed on with investigations into other aspects of the scandal. There were allegations of corruption within the Yard itself, and police were also poking into what appeared to be a complicated European-wide web of prostitution, blackmail and extortion. For the moment, however, no more political names had surfaced—although reports persisted that from 16 to 20 compromising photos of prominent men were circulating throughout London. Meanwhile, many of the city's better-known madams and call girls were incommunicado—as was Lord Jel-



LAMBTON PARAMOUR NORMA LEVY
Waiting for Lucas.

licoe, the other Conservative trapped in the scandal.*

Thanks in part to his decisive handling of the scandal—and in part also to the diversion of Princess Anne's engagement—Prime Minister Edward Heath was in no danger of being unseated because of the Lambton affair. Nonetheless, there were rumors that trouble for his Conservative government might be brewing in the financial world. Last summer Home Secretary and Deputy Prime Minister Reginald Maudling was obliged to resign after police launched an investigation into the affairs of an architect named John Poulson, who had declared himself bankrupt with debts of \$595,000. Maudling's association with Poulson was apparently innocent, but the harsh political reality was that he could not remain in the government as Home Secretary while police—under his jurisdiction—were looking into the case.

Last month another financial scandal erupted in the wake of tax-fiddling accusations brought against Lonrho Ltd., a British-owned African conglomerate. The dispute involved several high-ranking Conservative politicians, including former M.P. and Defense Minister Duncan Sandys. It featured ingenious tax dodges such as paying huge executive emoluments into bank accounts in the tax haven of the Cayman Islands and rent-free accommodations for directors. More revelations touching on the seamy side of relations between business and government were being predicted in London. They could cause considerably more long-range difficulties for Heath than the coltish antics of a brace of aging aristocrats.

*Another, almost accidental victim of the affair was Conservative Columnist Peregrine Worsthorne, who was briefly suspended by the *Daily Telegraph* after he told a *linc* interviewer that the British public "didn't give a f---" about the Lambton case. Worsthorne was soon back in print, but the paper advised him that for the next month he should not appear on television until after the bedtime of British children.

ITALY

The Gentleman Fascist

"Without a doubt it is a political trial, the biggest political trial to unfold in Italy since after the war. I am not accused of having *done* anything, such as broken anybody's head, but only of having thought or said certain things. If I get up and say 'Viva il Duce!' I can go to jail for twelve years. If a Socialist does it, nothing happens."

The speaker was Giorgio Almirante, 58, the dapper chieftain of the far right, neo-Fascist Italian Social Movement (M.S.I.), the country's fourth largest political party. Two weeks ago, he was stripped of his parliamentary immunity by an overwhelming vote of his fellow members of the Chamber of Deputies, who were responding to a nationwide outcry against a wave of Fascist-inspired violence (TIME, May 21). As a result of the vote, Almirante may be tried for the constitutional crime of "reconstituting the Fascist Party." Possible sentence: three to twelve years in prison. Last week TIME Correspondent Jordan Bonfante interviewed Almirante in Rome. Bonfante's report:

His words seemed to convey the utmost reasonableness. There was none of the jut-jawed belligerence of a Duce, none of the menacing rhetoric of a swaggering martinet. In fact, an ironic, Pirandellian sense of split realities was inescapable. Here was a former functionary of Benito Mussolini's last government denouncing the "totalitarian" ways of contemporary Italy.

Almirante suggested that if he ever goes to trial, he will turn the proceedings into a Roman circus. "I am going to call all the other [political] parties as witnesses," he said, "because all of them have collaborated with us at one time or another." While he did not minimize the violence that provoked the parliamentary vote against him, he blamed



M.S.I. CHIEF ALMIRANTE
Threats of a Roman circus.

THE WORLD

most of it on leftists and the rest on an anti-M.S.I. conspiracy on the part of the government: "I have also accused the Ministry of the Interior itself of having organized the violence of those rightist groups, organized them against us."

The action taken against him, Almirante is convinced, will backfire badly. If convicted, he said with a smile, he would accept his fate; he evidently envisions a useful kind of martyrdom. During his imprisonment, he proclaimed, "Our battle, our movement, would become very much stronger."

Is M.S.I. a Fascist organization? "We do not intend to separate ourselves from the movement of history," Almirante answered carefully. "I am inspired neither by Fascism nor by anti-Fascism. If Mussolini were alive today and said the things he used to say, he would make the Italians laugh." However, added Almirante, "if he were alive today, he would be a post-Fascist like me, and he would say different things. Everything has changed. Do you want me to appear on the balcony and exhort the country to go to war? That's laughable now. But I do not spit on that past. I am not ashamed of having lost the war. I did my duty, as so many did."

ARGENTINA

El Tío in Trouble

Héctor Cámpora's first week as Argentina's new civilian President was marred by bloody rioting that left four dead and dozens wounded. Things have gone downhill since then. Despite his well-meaning efforts to chart a moderate direction for his new Peronist government, Cámpora now seems to be on a collision course with the People's Revolutionary Army (ERP), 30,000 Trotskyite terrorists who are responsible for most of Argentina's recent wave of kidnappings and murders.

Cámpora, whom Argentines have nicknamed "el Tío" (Uncle), is largely responsible for the confrontation. He made a fumbling attempt to laud right-wing *montonero* (meaning bushfighter) guerrillas as a sort of Peronist resistance vanguard, calling them "a marvelous youth movement which knew how to meet violence with violence." Thus he managed in his inaugural speech to leave the impression that the terrorist acts of the ERP were justified.

The President's inadvertently provocative speech was broadcast to 250,000 restless young Peronists who had gathered in and around Buenos Aires' Plaza de Mayo. Cámpora's words led to a paroxysm of rioting and looting, during which outgoing President Alejandro Lanusse was spat upon and Antonio Cardinal Caggiano, the 84-year-old primate of Argentina, was jostled when demonstrators rocked his car.

That night, 40,000 guerrilla sympathizers threatened to storm Buenos Aires' Villa Devoto prison unless all po-

litical prisoners were pardoned. Cámpora, who had promised conditional amnesty, caved in. About 500 prisoners in ten jails were released. Among them: Carlos Maguid, a guerrilla who in 1970 kidnapped and murdered former President Pedro Aramburu.

No sooner were the freed prisoners on the streets and vowing to "revenge the revolution" than a rumor spread that more political prisoners were still inside Villa Devoto. With that, the crowd stormed the gates and the guards opened fire, leaving two dead, nine wounded. Their authority compromised, government officials subsequent-

ly found themselves in the ludicrous position of having to haggle with all kinds of prisoners, including psychopathic murderers who demanded that they be released from a Buenos Aires asylum.



PERONISTS DEMONSTRATING AT CÁMPORA INAUGURAL
On a collision course with the left.

ly found themselves in the ludicrous position of having to haggle with all kinds of prisoners, including psychopathic murderers who demanded that they be released from a Buenos Aires asylum.

As the situation deteriorated, Cámpora's guide and mentor, Juan Perón, issued a statement from Madrid rebuking both rightist "gorillas" and leftist "Trotskyites" for the violence. The ERP responded by calling on both Peronists and non-Peronists to "fight steadfastly for the socialist revolution" and accused the new government of "respectfully accepting a subordinate and capitalist system."

That direct challenge was too much for the Cámpora government and its allies. A Peronist group called the Cen-


tral Security Command of the Justicialist Movement announced that "for every Peronist who falls, ten [Trotskyites] will fall." Other Peronists, alarmed that the ending of their 18 years in the political wilderness might be jeopardized by ERP excesses, have discussed adopting South Vietnamese anti-guerrilla tactics. "The most effective way of stopping this," said one angry Peronist, "would be to take ten of the ERPs up in a plane, throw out eight, and let the two survivors tell their friends."

Before last March's election, the Trotskyites were more or less united with the Peronists in opposition to Argentina's military government. Conceivably the breach could be repaired—although perhaps only by the personal intervention of Perón himself.

Meanwhile, the post-inaugural uproar overshadowed Cámpora's efforts to establish a Peronist social system for his country. As first steps toward a new populist economic policy, Cámpora called for pay raises of between 10% and 50% for laborers and lower taxes on such consumer items as sugar, wine and tobacco, and warned that bank deposits would be nationalized to ensure "correct" investment policies. On the diplomatic front, Cámpora established ties with Cuba and announced his intention of recognizing East Germany and North Korea. Cámpora also decided to restore the Eva Perón Foundation, which, during *El Líder*'s heyday in the late 1940s and early 1950s, funneled hundreds of millions of dollars in donations to the poor.

Not everyone is willing to wait for the arrival of the new golden age. Convinced that Cámpora is either unable or unwilling to control the guerrillas, dozens of

foreign executives, who have been the favorite targets of leftist terrorists, have begun fleeing the country. Last week the ERP threatened to kill Otis Elevator Co. executives unless the company would agree to "donate" \$500,000 to a children's hospital and other institutions, and increase the wages of its Argentine employees by 100%. At week's end, Otis had not decided whether to bow to the threat, as did Ford of Argentina (TIME, June 4). The company did, however, evacuate all its executives and their families. The mood of those remaining behind in Argentina's international community was grim. Said one American businessman: "We've been getting threatening calls for months. Now we're listening to them."



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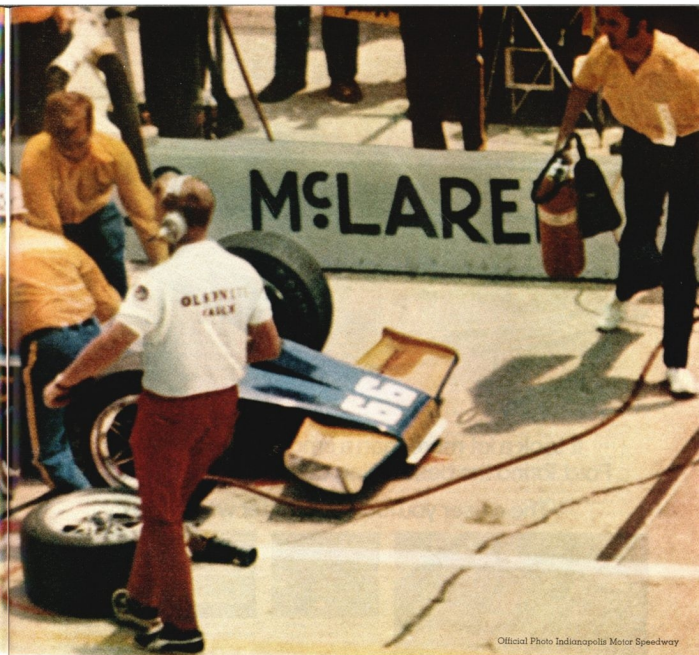


In 1948 veteran driver Mauri Rose was back at the Brickyard for a try at what few men accomplish. Back to back victories in the Indianapolis 500.

They said it made no sense to insure the Indy. That same year CNA/insurance was there for the first time with a comprehensive insurance package that not only covered the drivers, but included mechanics and pit crews as well. For the first time since the race began in 1911, a single insurance company was able to insure drivers, their reliefs and crews,

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Official Photo Indianapolis Motor Speedway

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High wire artist demonstrates Torino's incredibly smooth ride.



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Gran Torino 2-door
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**It took a lot more than a smooth ride to make
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The closer you look, the better we look.



Surprising luxury in a mid-size car. Pictured above is the interior of the Gran Torino with Luxury Decor Package.



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Front disc brakes are stand-
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FORD DIVISION



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petitor doesn't offer it.)



Torino offers optional
steel-belted radial ply
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A longer wheelbase and wider front
and rear track than major competitor,
for a smooth, stable ride.

COSTA RICA

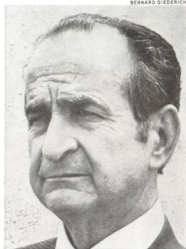
Scandal in Paradise

A bucolic, balmy Central American paradise: that is how many Costa Ricans proudly regard their nation, and with good reason. In contrast to its neighbors, little Costa Rica (1.9 million people living in an area about the size of West Virginia) has a genuine democracy and no army to speak of. It also has the highest literacy rate and third highest per capita annual income (about \$539) in Central America. Recently, however, both its tranquility and its reputation have been somewhat impaired by the presence of fugitive American Financier Robert L. Vesco, who moved there a year ago and has remained in order to escape the subpoena jurisdiction of U.S. courts (TIME, May 21).

Shortly after his arrival, Vesco began investing heavily in the Costa Rican economy, to the tune of at least \$25 million. He poured funds into low-cost public housing, a water works and the country's nationalized banks. Initially, Vesco was welcomed in Costa Rica as another potentially helpful American benefactor. Then came accusations that his investment money was part of a \$224 million hoard that the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission has charged him with "diverting" from Investors Overseas Services, the Geneva-based mutual-fund enterprise. Later came the unpleasant news that Vesco had been indicted, together with former Attorney General John Mitchell and ex-Secretary of Commerce Maurice Stans, for obstructing justice in connection with a \$200,000 cash contribution that Vesco made to the Committee for the Re-Election of the President.

What bothers many Costa Ricans most is that Vesco seems to have invested in their popular President as well as their economy. Diminutive (5 ft. 3 in.) José Figueres, 66, known affectionately as "Don Pepe," is something of a national hero. In 1948, he successfully led a ragtag 700-man force against Communist revolutionaries and military reactionaries who were trying to destroy Costa Rica's democratic system. Don Pepe, who was elected to his second nonconsecutive presidential term in 1970, concedes that some of his business investments have gone sour in recent years. He readily acknowledges that his San Cristobal holding company, which produces, among other things, coffee bags made of sisal, "needed an injection of cash badly. I had been looking everywhere." Then he found Vesco.

The American financier paid more than \$2,000,000 for 30% of the holding company. With the money Don Pepe bought new machinery that has increased the firm's output of coffee bags from 2,000,000 annually to 7,000,000. Since Vesco moved to Costa Rica, it turned out, Figueres' New York bank account has grown by \$436,000—much



COSTA RICA'S "PEPE" FIGUERES
The investor's President?

of it transferred by a bank with which Vesco has had extensive dealings.

As news of Vesco's troubles—and of Don Pepe's relationship with the financier—spread through San José, the President went on the defensive. Don Pepe insisted that his relationship with Vesco had been strictly business. As long as the American breaks no Costa Rican law, Figueres sees no reason not to deal with him. He also explained, on a national-television broadcast, that the money deposited in his New York bank account was for such projects as support for the Costa Rican National Symphony Orchestra and a bank that helps artisans and small industries.

Major issue. According to the constitution, Figueres cannot succeed himself when his term ends in May. But members of his National Liberation Party worry that his relationship with Vesco will impair their chances in the national elections. Already the major issue in the campaign seems to be Vesco and "corruption." Many businessmen



FUGITIVE FINANCIER VESCO
The President's investor?

acknowledge that wily Don Pepe can probably handle Vesco, but they fear that the enormous funds at the financier's disposal could eventually overwhelm their nation. Asks one attorney: "Will Don Pepe's successor be able to control Vesco and his millions?"

CHINA

Down on the Farm with Marx and Mao

Since coming to power in 1949, Mao Tse-tung has time and again extolled the discipline to be learned from manual labor. Over the years, China has periodically conducted "down to the countryside" campaigns, in which millions of city residents go off to work on farms for six months to three years or more. During the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, a party member's willingness to "integrate" himself with the masses by doing manual labor became a test of his ideological purity. Professors, government bureaucrats and white-collar workers all spent time, often punitive, in what came to be called "May Seventh schools," combination collective farms and political-indoctrination workshops that took their name from Mao's letter of May 7, 1966 to Lin Biao, then Minister of Defense. In the letter, Mao declared that "every field of work should be made into a great school for revolutionization." TIME's Diplomatic Editor Jerrold Schecter recently visited a May Seventh school near Peking. His report:

Slim green poplar saplings line the dirt road to the Hsuan Wu May Seventh Cadre School, 30 miles from Peking along the banks of the Tsao Pai River. Orchards of apples, pears and peaches are neatly marked off, surrounded by a fresh red brick wall. Rice shoots are beginning to sprout in well-irrigated fields, and the hogs are fattening.

It seems like a typical commune, except that the farm hands are all from the city—200 schoolteachers, office workers and party cadres who have gone off to the countryside for six months of consciousness raising, Chinese style. The encounter groups center about the works of Marx and Engels, Lenin, Stalin and Chairman Mao. Students are indoctrinated with the prevailing government positions, for example, on who is or is not imperialist (the Russians are currently regarded as more imperialist than the U.S.). A kind of group therapy is offered in "struggle-criticism" and "transformation sessions," in which specific actions by participants are critically examined and corrected. Above all, there are long hours of hoeing, heaving manure and helping in the communal kitchen.

It is difficult to compare May Seventh schools to anything in the West or, for that matter, in other Communist

THE WORLD

countries. Even the late Edgar Snow (*The Long Revolution*) found an Alice in Wonderland quality about the schools, calling them "reform schools for reformers." With memories of the Cultural Revolution fading fast, the schools have become institutionalized. No longer does a suspect cadre get sent to one for an indeterminate stay to learn to serve the people. The tensions, as well as the physical abuses that Mao himself lamented, have also ebbed. Today, May Seventh schools combine aspects of a Marxist religious retreat and a voluntary labor camp.

Some party cadres come to the school because it has been suggested in their group sessions at home that they can do with a little ideological honing. Others apply simply because they want to. "I think my Marxist-Leninist level is quite low," explains Chao Kui-wu, 46. "I need more practice in the fields to do more labor." Chao, who is married and has four children, receives his regular \$35-a-month salary as the manager of a Peking canteen while attending the May Seventh school. He goes home once a month for four days to visit his family.

Small Bed. Life at the school is spartan. Ordinarily five cadres share a small concrete-floored room. Each person has a small bed and a towel, which hangs from a clothesline stretched across the ceiling. The only decorations are the regulations and daily schedule pasted to the wall. There is a bookcase made from wooden boxes filled with Marx, Lenin and the collected works of Mao. A small table in the middle of the room serves as the study center.

Students awaken at 6 a.m. and do their laundry and personal chores before sitting down to a breakfast of steamed bread, porridge and tea. Depending on weather and seasonal conditions, their days are about evenly divided between study sessions, field work and paramilitary drills. After supper there are group activities such as singing, dancing and cultural programs. Lights are out at 10 p.m. Men and women live separately. Asked if sex was ever a problem, one cadre laughed and said: "I haven't heard of such a thing."

All mistakes and shortcomings in class consciousness are attributed to a lack of thorough study of Chairman Mao's directives. Persuasion is the keynote—persuasion and reiteration. For two weeks of the six-month course, the cadres are sent off to live with peasant families, where they learn other farming techniques and gain an appreciation of how poorer classes of Chinese have coped with their problems.

But in the main, therapy and self-knowledge come from physical labor. Chao says that he is bone-tired after a day weeding or planting rice, but he has found a new meaning to work. Adds Wang Tien-san, 44, head of the school's revolutionary committee: "By doing physical labor, we maintain the true feeling of the laboring people."



UGANDA'S AMIN SALUTES AS HAILE SELASSIE WELCOMES HIM TO O.A.U. MEETING

AFRICA

Decade of Disunity

The Organization of African Unity was founded in lofty (altitude 8,000 ft.) Addis Ababa in 1963 in a mood of high post-independence euphoria. Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie described the O.A.U. as "a single African organization through which Africa's single voice may be heard, within which Africa's problems may be studied and resolved."

Last week in Addis Ababa, representatives of O.A.U.'s 41 member states held their tenth anniversary summit meeting. Only 23 of the 41 heads of state appeared—a disappointing turnout in light of earlier predictions that at least 35 would show. The city itself was spruced up as never before: flags snapped from street lamps, portraits of heads of state were posted in public squares, intricate displays of colored lights sparkled nearly everywhere. Unfortunately, the bright welcoming façade presented by Ethiopia's imperial host did little to disguise O.A.U.'s persistent problems, which are remarkably similar to those of other international organizations.

Considering the continent's potentially divisive factors—thousands of tribes to which most Africans owe their first allegiance, lack of a common language or religion, the wild variety of governmental patterns that developed after liberation from colonial status—the mere fact that the O.A.U. has remained in existence for ten years is a tribute to African tenacity. Dedicated to unity, the organization has insisted on consensus. Given the size of its membership, this rule hurts its effectiveness.

As the summit got under way, agreement was easily reached on such non-sensitive issues as the annual denunciation of white racist regimes, the right of all members to extend their claim over territorial waters to twelve miles,

and a unified approach to trade talks with the expanded Common Market.

On the really tough issues, however, unanimity rapidly dissolved. Potentially the most divisive was a demand by Libya's Muammar Gaddafi for an all-out condemnation of Israel, and a break in relations by every O.A.U. state. Ethiopia and 26 Black African countries maintain diplomatic ties with Israel; Libya, the O.A.U.'s five other Arab members and seven Black African nations are violently anti-Israeli. Gaddafi has been campaigning recently to have O.A.U. headquarters shifted to Cairo from Addis Ababa, which he maintains "is the capital of Zionism in Africa." The plan was referred to a study committee—a typical maneuver—and this year's protest against Israel's aggression was toughened only slightly. Uganda's General Idi Amin failed to win any quicker resolution of his complaints that Tanzania was encouraging his foe, ex-President Milton Obote to overthrow him.

Barren Area. Ethiopia was also directly involved in a second wrangle involving neighboring Somalia's claim to the border province of Ogaden—a barren, sandy area populated mainly by nomadic Somalis. The area's value has increased considerably since the discovery of natural gas there. There is evidence of oil deposits as well. Eventually, after hearing statements by both sides, the O.A.U. agreed to shunt the issue off to an eight-nation "good-offices" committee, for a report next year.

Thus, as usual, no important issues were resolved. Nigeria's Yakubu Gowon, the conference chairman, summed the situation up in his closing speech: "We have concluded our differences in a matter that baffles advocates of conventional diplomacy." Far from being "concluded," those differences remain perfectly real, papered over though they may be. That seems to be the O.A.U. way: consensus without clout.

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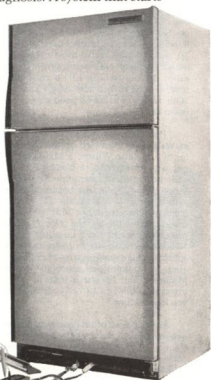
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GENERAL  ELECTRIC



QUEEN CAROLE KING ROCKS 70,000 OF HER HOME-TOWN SUBJECTS



All the best contemporary painters are Spanish: **Joan Miró**, **Salvador Dalí**, the late **Pablo Picasso** and the late **Juan Gris**. Of these, the greatest is Dalí. At least those are his opinions, delivered during a speech entitled "Velázquez and I" at the Prado, Madrid's *alta sociedad* was on hand—but museum authorities were not—for the vernissage of the only contemporary painting in the famous gallery: Dalí's portrait of a lady riding a horse in a surrealist dream. His subject: **Franco's** granddaughter Carmencita, Princess Alfonso de Borbón.

Before his expeditions to Iceland and Paris, **Henry Kissinger** tarried in Manhattan long enough to celebrate his 50th birthday. TV's **Barbara Walters** toasted his contribution to Women's Lib. He has, she said, "made careers for countless women." **Peter Peterson**, former Secretary of Commerce, claimed that he had seen Henry cross 1973 A.D. off an official document and write 50 A.K. Peterson's remark, replied Kissinger, "illustrated the closeness and warmth that has characterized the White House."

The new Broadway hit *The Changing Room* has an all-male cast and a sporting theme. *The Women* is quintessentially female and not sporting at all. When the two troupes faced each other on a sunny baseball diamond in Central Park, the women won 85-3. Somehow the men could not get to first base with the likes of **Alexis Smith** and **Myrna Loy**. *The Changing Room* captain, Tony Winner **John Lithgow**, seemed to be at a loss for words: "The women were very fast and above all swift."

It is not unusual these days for priests and nuns to get married, but to get married three times? That was the case with the Rev. **Philip Berrigan**, 49, and Sister **Elizabeth McAlister**, 33. They first wed one another "in trust and gratitude" in the spring of 1969. They were married again in January 1972 by "formalizing" their vows in a Danbury, Conn., prison cell. When *TIME* reported last week that they were about to be wed, Berrigan wasted no time denying the story as "absurd and untrue" on the ground that they were already married. Nonetheless, two days after his denial, the couple were legally wed in Montclair, N.J., by the Rev. Paul Mayer, an ex-monk who is also married.

"Publish and be damned!" the Duke of Wellington scrawled across the letter of Harriette Wilson, a Mayfair call girl who threatened to blackmail him with her intimate memoirs. She published (in 1825) and he became Prime Minister (in 1828), recalls H. Montgomery Hyde, a former M.P. who studiously attempts in the *Observer* to place the current Lord Lambton-Lord Jellicoe sex scandals in historical perspective. **Lloyd George** was one of Britain's most notorious amorous Prime Ministers. But he was a man of stern principle, to wit: "Love is all right if you lose no time."

As she has so often proclaimed, **Jacqueline Onassis** values her privacy. But she did let *Vogue* take a photographic peek at **Caroline's** and **John Kennedy Jr.'s** "children-and-study room," the remodeled library of her Fifth Avenue Manhattan apartment. On the study table were some of Jackie's treasures: some black coral she found while diving near Yucatan, a mushroom on a twig from Angkor Wat, two bronze Egyptian cats and, perhaps revealingly, a string of blue Greek worry beads.

PEOPLE

"THE WOMEN" SOCK AN 85-3 WIN TO THE MEN OF "THE CHANGING ROOM"



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NATIONAL PARKS AND WHERE TO FIND THEM

Where they are...how to get free help planning a trip to one.



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60 seconds. \$24.95.* like cameras

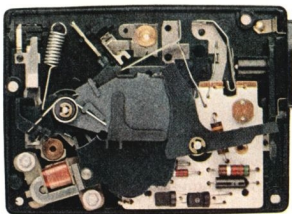
The magic in Polaroid's Square Shooter 2 Land camera only begins with the picture in a minute. In this camera you will also find sophisticated equipment you might expect in models costing almost twice as much.

Electric eye and electronic shutter. The eye automatically reads the light and sets the shutter for correct exposures (even for flash).

Other cameras at this price use a simple mechanical shutter. Our electronic shutter has a range from $\frac{1}{2}$ second to $\frac{1}{500}$ th. It's automatic. No figuring necessary.



Electric eye reads the light automatically.



Electronic shutter sets exposures automatically.



*Suggested list price.

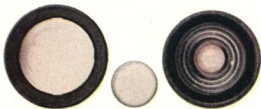
**Comparison based on suggested list T88/T108 film.

And equipped costing \$20 more.



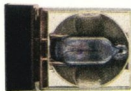
Viewfinder. Shoot when the face is in the red square.

Ingenious face-in-square viewfinder. Another Polaroid invention: just look through the viewfinder and fit the little square to the subject's face. It gives you the best distance for most shots, the best distance for flash.



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Special 3-element lens. Most cameras at this price have an inexpensive "fixed focus" lens. Ours is a true focusing lens, from 3½ feet to infinity.



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Built-in flash for inexpensive flashcubes. After every shot, the flashcube rotates to the next position. When it is used up it stops at an angle to tell you so. (And this camera reads the light of the flash and adjusts the exposure for you, automatically.)



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MODERN LIVING

Life and Death at Indy

At one point in last week's disastrous Indianapolis 500, one of the thousands of sodden revelers camped out in the axle-deep infield mud aptly summed up the utter madness of it all. Asked what he thought of the world's largest, richest and costliest racing event, he said: "What race?"

Good question. One rationale for the Indy has been that it encourages innovations in auto design, especially in safety devices. It is also supposed to be a stellar sporting event, a contest of skill. Neither is true. Rather, the Indy has become a vast ritual of the auto culture, with violence and increasing speed goals as the icons. Some 300,000 spectators show up, many of them having traveled long distances for the chance to wheel their cars and campers into the infield, break out the barbecues and beer coolers, and join a kind of high-octane happening. Others pay up to \$40 a ticket knowing that they will watch more of an attrition process than a race, that most drivers will never finish the 200 laps, that crackups are virtually certain to occur. The prospect of flaming crashes and shattered bodies and the knowledge that fans are also exposed to risk seem to be part of the allure.

Bad Omens. The only sure Indy winners are the crowd's feeders and keepers. Indianapolis turns into a commercial carnival for the race. This year local businessmen successfully lobbied to have the race date moved from Saturday to Monday of the Memorial Day weekend so that they would have two more days of heavy profit. Motel owners charged \$150 and up for a minimum three-day stay. Cab drivers were getting \$12 for rides to the Speedway that normally cost \$2.25. Service stations began charging for the use of lavatories that are normally free.

This year the omens were bad even before the race began. Driver Art Pollard was killed on May 12 during the elimination trials. On race day, a threatening sky did not reduce the throng that turned out to see wonders like Linda Vaughn, a busty blonde in gold lamé, parade on behalf of a transmission manufacturer. The racing cars were billboards on wheels, plastered with ads for everything from beer to motor homes.

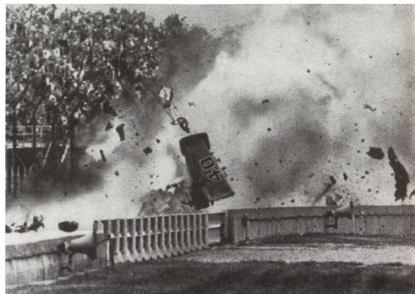
Custom calls for the 33 cars to line up three abreast in eleven rows, circle the track and then gradually quicken the pace for a nice orderly start. But once the winged, turbo-charged monsters come roaring down the final straightaway at 150 m.p.h., each trying to jump lanes or sneak ahead, the result is more like a motorized stampede.

As in recent years, the scramble at the start caused another devastating accident. Moments after the starting flag dropped, David ("Salt") Walther got

caught in a squeeze midway in the pack and veered so sharply that his car went sailing into a wire-mesh fence in front of the stands, cartwheeling down the track and exploded in a flaming shower of debris. Three other drivers and a dozen spectators were injured. Walther was taken to the hospital in critical condition, with a broken wrist and burns over 40% of his body. The race, halted after the accident, was then



SAVAGE AFTER CRASH



SAVAGE'S CAR EXPLODING AS IT SMASHES INTO WALL
A ritual with violence and speed as icons.

postponed when it again began to rain.

The next day was more of the same—more delays, more downpours, another frustrating postponement. Fans meandered about in the mud, bored and, in some cases, broke. The drivers passed the time tossing Frisbees in Gasoline Alley, starting impromptu soccer games and playing gin rummy.

Inevitably, talk among the drivers turned to the one problem that concerns all Indy competitors and the future of the race itself: safety. In pursuit of the richest purse in racing, the syndicates that build the \$33,000 space-age racing machines have reached a point where many drivers think they are sacrificing safety to attain speeds of 200 m.p.h. and more. Britain's David Hobbs described driving on the ancient, windswept Indy track as "the art of low-level aviation." A.J. Foyt, three-time Indy winner, does not share the peculiar *machismo* that causes some drivers to resist safety changes. "The speed in big-time racing today," Foyt says, "is so fast it scares me."

The third and final attempt to run the race was as tragic as it was tawdry. By Wednesday the Speedway grounds were a littered, swampy mess. The race

itself seemed almost anticlimactic. Then, on the 58th lap, Driver Swede Savage's car skidded out of control at 170 m.p.h., ricocheted off two walls and burst into flames. Jumping out of one of the pits to see what had happened, Mechanic Armondo Teran, 22, was struck by a rescue truck speeding the wrong way up the pit road. Savage was listed in critical condition with splintered legs and extensive burns. Teran died, the 58th fatality in the 57 years of the Indy.

The race resumed after a 75-minute delay, but finally and mercifully, with night and another downpour descending, the action was halted after 133 of the scheduled 200 laps. Gordon Johncock, whose Eagle-Offenhauser was one of only eleven cars still running, was declared the winner and given a check for \$236,022. The traditional victory banquet was canceled—one of the few smart moves of the entire event.

The wisest action of all came at week's end, when several drivers threatened not to return next year unless the track is improved and changes made in the safety code. If reforms are made, fans will have to settle for a contest of skill rather than a blood spectacle.



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SCHOOLBOYS WEAR GAS MASKS TO PROTECT THEMSELVES AGAINST POLLUTION

Venice Preserved

Venice—the magical city that Italians call “most serene”—has long been in deep trouble (TIME, Oct. 10). Pollution clouds the water in its intricate network of 160 canals. Its marvelous, airy buildings are crumbling. Worst of all, the entire city is gradually sinking into the Adriatic Sea. Can Venice be saved? For 27 months, the Italian Parliament debated, squabbled and compromised. But now, finally, it has taken firm action, passing a law that states: “The safeguarding of Venice and of its lagoon is declared to be a problem of pre-eminent national interest.”

What held up the legislation for so long is the complexities rising from the fact that Venice is not one but three different cities. There is the historic town built on 118 alluvial islands in a lagoon, plus two other communities on the mainland: the bleak, modern residential suburb of Mestre, which the daily *Corriere della Sera* calls a “delirium of concrete,” and the huge, fume-filled industrial port of Marghera. Any action to help Venice often turns out to harm her ugly sisters. For example, Venice is sinking in part because the pumping of fresh water from artesian wells in Mestre and Marghera depletes the underground “cushion” of water on which Venice floats. If the pumping is stopped to save Venice, Mestre and Marghera will go thirsty.

To deal with this kind of dilemma, the lawmakers have ordered that the area's new regional government draw up a comprehensive plan of needed action. But the law goes further than that. For the first time, the Parliament has acted to provide the essential ingredient for rescuing Venice—\$510 million over the next five years. Some of the funds will go for new aqueducts to bring fresh

water from inland rivers to the cities. After the aqueducts are built, the underground pumping will stop.

Even more significant, \$158 million of the funds have been designated for preserving Venice's lagoon and its surrounding marshland. These mud flats act as giant sponges which soak up high tide waters that flood the sinking city with deplorable frequency. In 1971, for instance, Venice's streets were inundated about 200 times.

Trouble is, Marghera is partly built on the mud flats, and the city earmarked another 10,000 acres of adjacent marshlands for new factories. By banning any further municipal intrusion into the marshes—including proposed landfill projects in Mestre—the new law will severely limit the growth of both cities. Indeed, Marghera's importance is bound to wane—probably with adverse economic effect on Venice. “If you take away the industrial sector,” warns Critic Vladimiro Dorigo, “it means killing the whole place.”

There is a possible compromise. Manmade locks might be built to control the dangerous high tides. Stretching across the three natural openings between Venice's lagoon and the Adriatic, the locks would open to let ships reach Marghera and would close to prevent Venice from being swamped in tidal water. That would allow further building on the mud flats—if the state decides to spend some \$80 million on the locks.

Less controversial is the law's goal of cleaning up Venice. One source of pollution is the Venetians' time-honored habit of dumping their sewage into the canals and depending on the tides to flush the city clean. To stop the filth at its source, Venice will now build its first sewage system. In addition the law provides funds to help homeowners


convert their oil heating systems—which now belch sulfur oxides into the air—to nonpolluting methane gas. The switch is necessary because the sulfurous fumes mix with the salty air and rot Venice's marble balconies and statues, causing the stone to crumble like Gorgonzola cheese.

Another \$153 million has been set aside for restoration of the city's houses and monuments. Up to now, most preservation has been done by private organizations, many of them international. The British have refurbished the magnificent church of the Madonna dell'Orto; the French fixed up the church of Santa Maria della Salute; the Americans, the façade of the Cà d'Oro. Still, the job is far from finished; about another 200 *palazzi*, churches and buildings remain to be rescued. That badly needed work will soon start, when Italy at last moves to save one of man's unique and exquisite creations. “*La Serenissima*,” editorializes the daily *Il Messaggero*, “should rise again.”

The Tallest Skyscraper

In 1885, Chicago became the proud possessor of the world's first true skyscraper, the nine-story, steel-framed Home Insurance Co. building. Within a decade, however, New York City captured the tallest skyscraper lead—and held it. The champion until last month was Manhattan's 1,350-ft.-high, twin-towered World Trade Center, which tops the Empire State Building by 100 ft. But now, after a lapse of about 80 years, Chicago again boasts the tallest tower: the \$150 million Sears, Roebuck & Co. building, which soars 1,450 ft. above the city.

Sears executives offer a simple explanation for their record-breaking new building. Says the company's recently retired chairman, Gordon Metcalf: “Being the largest retailer in the world, we thought we should have the largest headquarters in the world.” But the gen-



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ENVIRONMENT

esis of the Sears Tower is more complicated than that. When the company decided to leave its sprawling old headquarters on Chicago's deteriorating West Side, height was the furthest thing from the executives' minds. They had bought a two-block plot on the western edge of Chicago's Loop and approached the problem of building the headquarters in exactly the same way as they planned any of Sears' stores throughout the world—from the inside out.

The company began by studying its space needs, down to the number of desks for personnel. Then it projected its office requirements to the year 2003. Next, Sears hired the New York design

arettes. Each represents, in effect, a separate, square building, 75 ft. by 75 ft.; joined together, the nine square "tubes" form the basic structure of the Sears Tower. By combining all nine tubes—each of which is inherently a strong, rigid shape—the building needs less structural steel than a conventional tower. The saving: about \$10 million in steel costs.

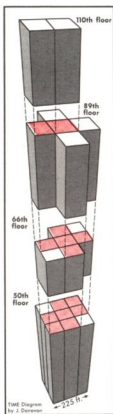
More important, this arrangement is tailor-made to Sears' office requirements. The company wanted huge rooms to house its current departments and employees, plus floors that could be rented until the fast-growing company expanded into them. Most renters, however, do not need vast interior spaces; they want windowed offices around a compact central area. To get both kinds of floor layout, the architects terminated two of the tubes at the 50th floor level, two more at the 66th floor, and another two at the 89th floor—thus creating much smaller, and more rentable spaces on the higher stories. Sears itself will occupy the lower 50 floors of the tower—where the nine square tubes are clustered to form about 60% of the building's volume.

The tower in many ways will be comparable to a small city. Its electrical system could serve all of Rockford, Ill. (pop. 147,000), and its air-conditioning complex could cool 6,000 houses. The structure contains enough concrete to pave over 78 football fields; it has 80 miles of elevator cables.

S.O.M. designers have also learned from the bad experiences of other skyscraper builders. For example, to prevent elevators from automatically rising to floors where a fire has broken out (because the elevator buttons are designed to respond to heat—from passengers' fingertips), operators in the building's security control

center can override the automatic system, sending cars to other floors.

The Sears Tower has already come under attack from critics who argue that it will add to the congestion of Chicago's Loop. It has also been criticized on aesthetic grounds, and is certainly a far cry from the conventional, slick, sheer-walled slab. But S.O.M. was really following the old dictum of Louis Sullivan, one of Chicago's pioneers in skyscraper architecture, that form must follow function. By that a standard, the tower has an honesty of design that most urban buildings lack. Indeed, the tallest building in the world is perhaps a forerunner of skyscrapers with a new kind of spare, utilitarian beauty.



BIRD'S-EYE & CUTAWAY VIEWS OF SEARS TOWER
Designed from the inside out.

firm of Environetics to recheck the projections, draw floor plans, and figure out where every department should be located in relation to every other department. The result was a drawing that Environetics President Larry Lerner calls "a building profile"—a jagged shape that looks like a child's random construction with wooden blocks of varying sizes. When this interior scheme was shown to the building's architect, Bruce Graham of Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, he gasped: "How do you expect me to design around that?"

But S.O.M. soon had an ingenious solution. Graham's engineer-partner, Fazlur Khan, illustrates the concept by grasping a bundle of nine upright cig-



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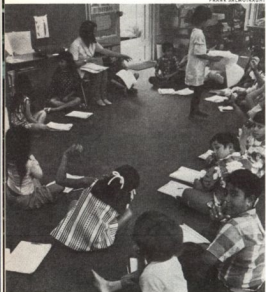
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EDUCATION

Equality in Hawaii

"Education, of course, is not among the rights afforded explicit protection under our federal Constitution." With those chilly words by Justice Lewis F. Powell, a 5-to-4 majority of the U.S. Supreme Court last March struck down a Texas lawsuit that aimed at greater equality of spending in education. Although it may be unjust for wealthy school districts to have more money to spend on education, the court said, these inequities in local taxes* should be solved by the states and local communities themselves. Since then, a number of them have been trying to do just that.

FRANK S. BALDWIN



ENGLISH CLASS AT PALOLO SCHOOL
A sad similarity.

State legislatures in Kansas, North Dakota and Utah have already approved increases in the state share of school funding (example: up from 28% to 49% in Kansas); those in Florida and Illinois are expected to take similar action later this year. Meanwhile, the battle is continuing in the courts, for despite the Supreme Court's ruling, a number of state constitutions require equality of educational opportunity. In New Jersey, the state supreme court used those grounds to throw out the school funding system based on widely varying local property taxes.

Led by the Lawyers Committee for Civil Rights Under Law, attorneys and school finance experts are pursuing a common strategy for court suits now

*In the Baldwin Park section of Los Angeles, for example, citizens pay \$5.66 per \$100 of assessed real estate to raise only \$7.15 per student, in wealthy Beverly Hills, \$32.00 raises \$1.541. In industrial Bridgeport, Conn., a tax rate of \$12.10 produces only \$620 per pupil while the rich suburb of Greenwich gets \$1,000 on a rate of \$7.50.

pending in about 30 states. Says Stephen Browning, a member of the committee: "We're going to have to prove conclusively in each state that unequal resources create unequal educational opportunities, which in turn lead to unequal achievement by the students."

Such a connection may prove difficult to demonstrate. A number of experts—including Sociologists James S. Coleman of Johns Hopkins and Christopher S. Jencks of Harvard—argue that more spending does little to improve a child's achievement in school, and that the school itself is less important in its development than the home.

The only state in the Union that has no autonomous local districts—and thus treats all pupils the same—is Hawaii. Money for education is raised principally through income and excise taxes and portioned out at roughly \$930 per student. The schools' physical facilities are of equal quality, they have about the same pupil-teacher ratio (26 to 1) and even the same menus at the cafeterias. Slightly more money is spent in low-income areas because of federal programs intended to help the poor.

Pidgin English. Nonetheless, this utopia of equality produces results that are similar to those on the mainland. Honolulu's Kahala Elementary School and Palolo Elementary School, for instance, have similar buildings (concrete blocks, carpeted floors), employ similarly skilled teachers, and use the same curriculum. Yet on uniform tests, the children in Kahala score roughly twice as high as Palolo's students.

School administrators blame the differences mostly on the students' family backgrounds. Kahala is situated in a high-income neighborhood where the homes sell for close to \$100,000. Its student body is predominantly white and middle class. Palolo is near a public housing project, and almost 40% of the students come from welfare families. The Palolo youngsters are primarily of Oriental or Polynesian background, and many hear only pidgin English at home. Fighting is commonplace at Palolo, and the truancy rate is high. Outside of Honolulu, the discrepancies grow even wider. On the northeast coast of Oahu, for instance, the farm youngsters' scores on some standard tests were about 50% lower than even those at Palolo.

Remedial programs have not improved matters. Says Don Enoki, project coordinator for the federally funded Follow Through Program: "The students seem to be holding their own with other schools in low-income areas, but they are not making significant gains on the affluent schools." Adds Honolulu Superintendent Albert Miyasato: "Federal money doesn't seem to have had much effect. But we rationalized that by saying that if we didn't have the programs we would probably lose

more children than we do now."

Although equal school financing does not solve all problems, Hawaii officials nonetheless believe their system is better than the haphazard disparities on the mainland. Superintendent Miyasato, who once supervised teacher training at the University of Southern California, recalls that "some of the schools I visited were so different I couldn't believe I was in the same state. Here, there is at least a semblance of similarity. Unity of purpose is the big thing."

Kudos: Round 2

Arrayed in their red-white-and-blue caps and gowns, the 117 graduating students of Eisenhower College in Seneca Falls, N.Y., were waiting politely for inspiring words from their main speaker, *World Magazine* Editor Norman Cousins. Cousins, however, was nowhere to be found, so Trustee Chairman and ex-NATO Commander General Lauris Norstad announced that he himself would read a homily delivered by Eisenhower back in 1950. As for Cousins, he had confused his dates and gone out golfing. "I have been invited to make about 100 commencement talks in the past 30 years, and this is the first unmitigated disaster of this sort," the abashed editor said later. As a consolation of sorts, he promised to mail each graduate a copy of his twelve-minute speech. In it, he reminded them, among other things, that "even the best of men are flawed."

Elsewhere on the commencement scene:

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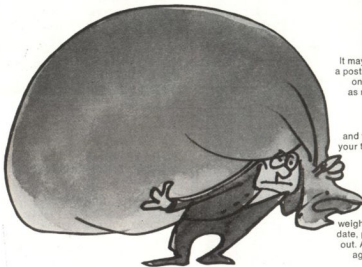
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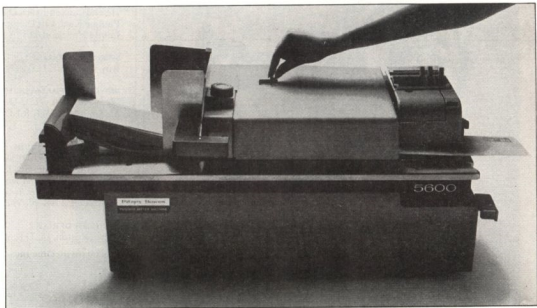
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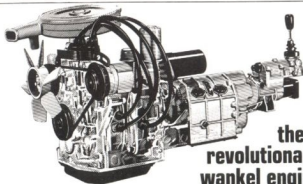
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LEE GROSS



SHIRLEY CHISHOLM

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BENNY GOODMAN

TIME, JUNE 11, 1973

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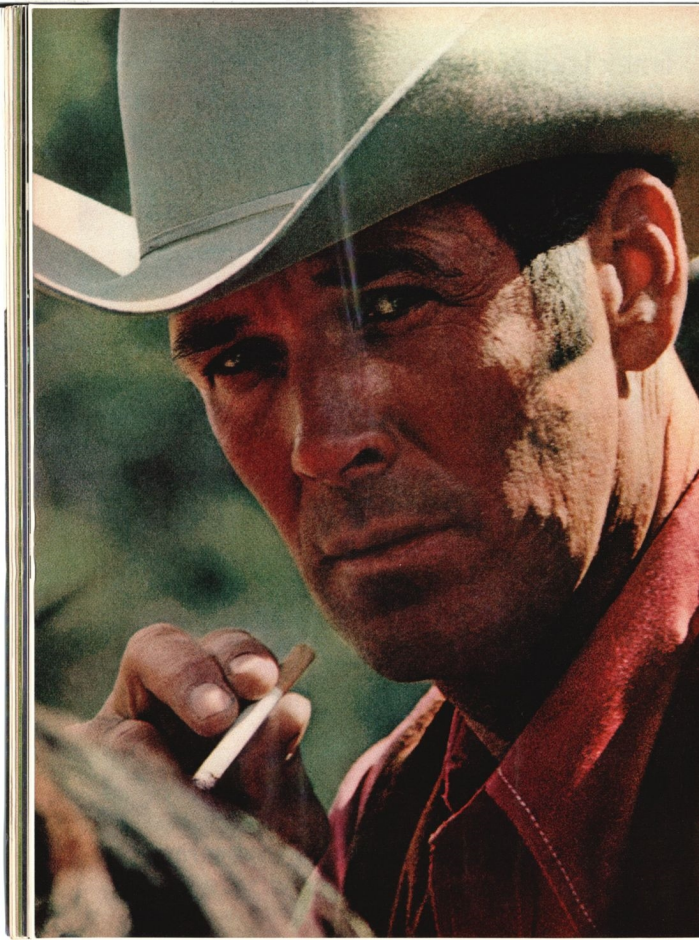
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New Crisis in Space

After their difficult and dangerous attempts to dock with and repair the first U.S. space laboratory finally succeeded, the Skylab 1 astronauts last week settled down to work in their cavernous home in the sky. They made scientific observations of the earth and sun, performed biomedical tests on themselves, and even feasted on some of the foods that NASA had feared would spoil in Skylab's scorching temperatures. The outlook seemed bright. Asked whether they expected to remain aloft for a full 28-day mission, Commander Charles ("Pete") Conrad Jr. replied unhesitatingly: "You betcha!"

Conrad's optimism was short-lived. Before the week ended, a second critical storage battery had failed, further depleting Skylab's already reduced power supply. After an emergency meeting in Houston, top NASA officials concluded that there was only one hope. To provide more electrical power, the astronauts would have to take a space walk outside the ship this week and attempt to free the inoperative solar panel that remains jammed in the side of the orbital workshop (the other workshop panel was ripped off completely during Skylab's launch).

The renewed crisis occurred after the astronauts thought they had their electrical problems well in hand. Power available from the four working windmill-shaped solar wings atop Skylab's telescope mount, and from fuel cells in the adjoining Apollo command module, was only about half what scientists had considered necessary for the mission. But by prudent rationing (turning off unnecessary lights, curtailing some ex-

periments), the astronauts were able to perform most of their scheduled tasks. When they flipped Skylab over to begin earth-surveying photography with six high-resolution cameras, the functioning solar panels were turned away from the sun, forcing the spacecraft to rely temporarily on its storage batteries.

That eventually caused the opening of some circuit breakers, which are set to trip when 80% of a battery's power has been drained. Although the astronauts were able to recharge the batteries after Skylab resumed its normal orientation toward the sun, another battery—the second since launch—failed completely; still others were operating at much less than full power. The batteries had apparently been damaged both by high temperatures and by the added work load put on them.

Until the failure, it had seemed that the astronauts had triumphed over almost insurmountable difficulties. Finally docking with Skylab after five attempts, they had struggled for three hours in 125° temperatures to erect an umbrella-like sunshade over the area where Skylab had lost its micrometeoroid and thermal shielding. The makeshift solution worked. Within a few days, temperatures in the workshop dropped to the low 80s and the astronauts, who had been spending most of their time aboard the Apollo command module, could take up residence in Skylab.

Soon afterward, they successfully switched on the \$121 million solar telescope array, opening the first manned observatory of the sun above the earth's obscuring atmosphere. They also began making visual and photographic reconnaissance of the earth below.

The astronauts' most significant observations were of their own physiological reactions to space. All three seemed to be adjusting well to weightlessness. Astronaut Joseph Kerwin, the first Amer-

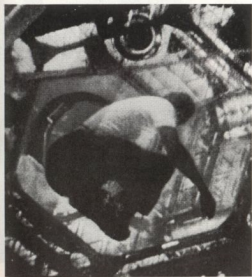
ican doctor in space, discovered that "you do have a sense of up and down" in zero-G. Explained Kerwin: "You say to your brain: 'Brain, I want that way to be up,' and your brain says: 'O.K.' " Speculating about this unexpected phenomenon, Kerwin doubted that it was connected with the balance mechanism in the inner ear. "I think it's strictly eyeballs and brain," he said.

Under Kerwin's supervision, the crew conducted a host of biomedical tests—swirling about in a rotating chair to study disorientation in zero-G, climbing into a pressure chamber that measures the accumulation of blood in the lower body, contributing daily samples of blood (and freezing them) for laboratory analysis back on earth. Only Skylab's bicycle exerciser, designed to measure the astronauts' stamina, gave the crew any trouble. Confronted by the heat and some badly adjusted straps on the machine, Astronaut Paul Weitz found that pedaling was too exhausting and cut the experiment short. The astronauts also beamed a lively TV show to earth and showed off their ability at handstands, backflips and racing round the spacecraft.

Despite all the activity, prospects for completing the entire mission were still uncertain at week's end. Said Flight Controller M.P. Frank: "This may well be the last manned mission to Skylab. If we can't fix the solar panel, we might not be able to keep the lab alive long enough to get another crew up there." Indeed, as concern grew about possible further deterioration of the batteries, NASA advanced the launch date of the second Skylab crew from the originally scheduled Aug. 8 to July 27.

Help from Honda

While Detroit's automakers search for ways to reduce the polluting gases produced by the internal-combustion engine, a company best known for its motorcycles may well have found the answer. Japan's Honda Motor Co. plans to begin exporting to the U.S. a 1,600-lb., four-seat car that will easily meet the 1975 emission standards set by

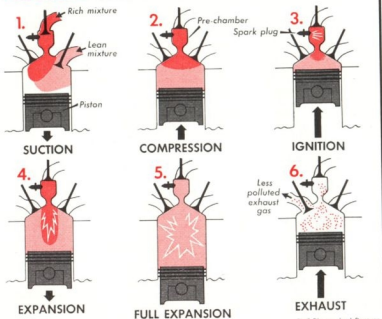


ASTRONAUT PAUL WEITZ ROLLING OVER IN ZERO-G

WEITZ (LEFT) & PETE CONRAD EATING



HONDA'S STRATIFIED-CHARGE ENGINE



the Environmental Protection Agency.

The Japanese auto will be the first production-line car with a "stratified-charge" engine, a modified version of the standard auto engine. That modification, which does not require extensive retooling of production lines, allows the stratified-charge engine to run on mixtures of fuel that are considerably more "lean" (a high ratio of air to gasoline) than standard engines now burn. The result is more complete combustion in the engine's cylinders and the reduction of polluting exhaust gases escaping from the tail pipe.

In Honda's machine—as well as in versions under development by other companies—a mixture of fuel that would ordinarily be too lean to ignite in the cylinder is coaxed into burning by the ignition of an adjoining layer of much richer fuel. To accomplish this stratification of fuel, Honda's engineers added a small combustion chamber, at the top of each cylinder (see diagram); the chamber contains the spark plug and is equipped with its own intake valve.

Spreading Flame. With that addition, the cycle of the stratified-charge engine remains quite similar to the sequence in ordinary internal combustion engines: 1) As the piston descends, a rich fuel mix from one carburetor is injected into the small combustion chamber near the spark plug. A leaner mixture, from a second carburetor, is squirted into the rest of the cylinder. 2) Moving up, the piston compresses both charges, pushing back most of the richer mix that may have seeped into the main chamber. 3) The spark plug

fires the rich mix. 4) The rich, burning mix ignites the adjoining lean mix, and the expanding gases push the piston down. 5) Moving up again, the piston forces the spent gases through the open exhaust valve.

Honda engineers insist that the extra carburetor and the additional parts needed to open and close the second intake valve on each cylinder will not add more than 10% to the basic cost of the 65-h.p. engine. Moreover, they point out that the engine does not require special servicing or changes of material to maintain low emission. By contrast, U.S. and other foreign engines will need expensive catalytic converters or thermal reactors to meet 1975 emission standards. The catalytic converters can easily be fouled, have tended to break down in tests and, in any case, must be periodically replaced.

Both the National Academy of Sciences and former Environmental Protection Administrator William Ruckelshaus recently acclaimed the new engine as an important weapon against automotive pollution. Although Detroit automakers have argued that the engine is not yet suitable for standard-size cars, they could well install it in smaller models. Last week General Motors President Edward Cole revealed that GM had expressed interest in ordering as many as 400,000 stratified-charge engines from Honda for the 1975 model year; Honda replied that it had neither "the interest nor capacity" to provide them. GM has now announced an "urgent" program that could place its own version of the engine in "Vega-size cars in the near future."



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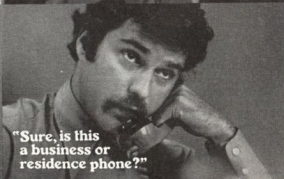
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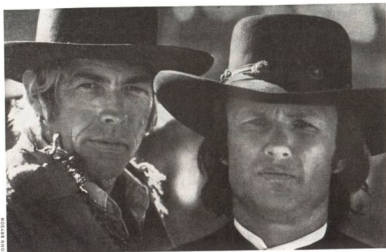


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CINEMA



COBURN & KRISTOFFERSON IN PECKINPAH'S "PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID"

Outlaw Blues

PAT GARRETT AND BILLY THE KID
Directed by SAM PECKINPAH
Screenplay by RUDOLPH WURLITZER

It is a story that has been told many times over: how Pat Garrett shot down Billy the Kid, who was his friend. It has never been told so strangely, however, with such a stern sense of beauty and of fate, as it is here by Sam Peckinpah. He is one of the most prodigious of all American film makers, and perhaps also one of the most prodigal.

Peckinpah and Scenarist Rudolph Wurlitzer (*Two Lane Blacktop*) transform Garrett and the Kid into the kind of uneasy antagonists who test and challenge each other with every inflection. Garrett and the Kid have become estranged by ungovernable coincidence, made enemies by the intervention of impersonal circumstances.

Billy (easily and exceptionally well acted by Kris Kristofferson) has his chance at settling down, building a respectable life working for the cattle interests. Instead, he chooses to run free with his friends (one of whom is played by an appropriately enigmatic Bob Dylan, who also provides some good music). Garrett (James Coburn), older, feeling threatened by age, takes a lawman's job. The marshal's badge makes him answerable to the ranchers and the politicians in Santa Fe. It is their star, their job, and they want Billy out of the way. Garrett rides down to Old Fort Sumner to give him a warning and a few days' head start. Billy makes an ironic toast: "Sheriff Pat Garrett—sold out to the Santa Fe ring. How's it feel?" "It feels," Garrett tells him with unmistakable finality, "like times have changed."

For the next couple of months, Garrett tracks the Kid. He gives Billy as

much time and distance as he can, but keeps closing on him all the same. Billy rides for Mexico, but then inexplicably turns around. It is never quite clear why Billy goes back. When he does, though, the movie wobbles and goes lame. Peckinpah and Wurlitzer are on much surer ground dealing with the dubious morality of Garrett's decision to hunt Billy. Garrett, unlike Peckinpah's other protagonists in *High Country* and *The Wild Bunch*, is no hero. As played—superbly—by Coburn, he is a dead-eyed cynic, a man who can slither neatly from one moral position to another. "It's just a way of staying alive," he says at one point. "Don't matter what side you're on. You're always right."

There is a severe irony in all of this, because Pat Garrett was killed, some 20 years later, by the same Santa Fe cattle interests that hired him to hunt Billy. This irony frames the film—or at least it framed Peckinpah's original version, which has been altered, shortened and generally abused by MGM. Garrett's killing of the Kid was only a moment on the way to his own death. This dimension is almost entirely lost because MGM decided to remove the scene of Garrett's death, which originally began the film. There have been other cuts—in all, 16 minutes' worth. Peckinpah calls it "my worst experience since *Major Dundee*," from which approximately one-quarter of the running time was removed.

The changes ordered by the studio are mostly stupid but not disastrous. Even in the maimed state in which it has been released, *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* is the richest, most exciting American film so far this year. There are moments and whole sequences here that stand among the best Peckinpah has ever achieved: a raft moving down a muddy river, a ragged family hud-

dled on board; the final meeting of Garrett and Billy back at Old Fort Sumner at night, with men moving like apparitions and dust blowing like a rasping fog. The whole film has a parched, eerie splendor that no one could really destroy. ■ Jayocks

Italian Crude

THE MATTEI AFFAIR
Directed by FRANCESCO ROSI
Screenplay by FRANCESCO ROSI, TONINO GUERRA, NERIO MINUZZO, TITO DE STEFANO

Within 17 years after World War II, Enrico Mattei developed the shattered Italian oil industry to a point where it ranked somewhere between a major nuisance and a minor power in the byzantine world of the international petroleum cartels. In 1962 Mattei died in a plane crash that many believe was caused by sabotage—a credible suspicion given the number of enemies (ranging from the Mafia to American oil interests) this bragging, abrasive and ingenious man had made.

Rosi's movie is a semi-documentary investigation of that crash, as dramatically formless as a pile of researcher's note cards shuffled and dealt out at random, leaving the viewer to reach whatever conclusion he pleases about the cause of Mattei's ugly demise. This formlessness dictates a film less suspenseful and, in the end, less satisfying than it might have been. It never quite pierces the surface to reach the dramatic possibilities we know to be buried in the dark depths below.

On the other hand, as played by Gian Maria Volonte (gratefully remembered as the title character in *Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion*), Mattei himself emerges as a fascinating enigma—proud, driven, a masterful manipulator. His sheer energy—and his peculiar sense of realism, which appears to have been a blend of cynicism and idealism—compels attention. A pioneer

VOLONTE IN "MATTEI"



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CINEMA

conglomerator, he headed a state-owned corporation and drove himself not for money (he apparently had no life, let alone luxury, outside the office), but for power and, perhaps, for love of a game in which he delightedly cast himself in the role of spoiler.

Rosi and Volonti give a persuasive portrayal of the style and manner of a furiously single-minded international businessman. Chewing out the sloppy employees of one of his motels, threatening vengeance on an American tycoon who patronizes him at a business lunch, or doing a full-scale snow job on a dubious journalist, Mattei was obviously an archetypal figure of our time. If *The Mattei Affair* is not quite as good in design and execution as it might have been, it is nevertheless an interesting and honorable attempt to sketch impressionistically the sort of complex personality the movies too often avoid.

■ Richard Schickel

Commuter's Special

THE EMPEROR OF THE NORTH POLE

Directed by ROBERT ALDRICH

Screenplay by CHRISTOPHER KNOPF

"You tighten your belt, turn up your collar," the veteran hobo tells the kid, "and you can be emperor of the North Pole." The kid, called Cigarette (Keith Carradine), is a blowhard spoiling to be top bum in the territory. He keeps pestering "A No. 1" (Lee Marvin) for some tutoring on the fine points of jumping trains and dodging conductors. A No. 1 tosses a few nuggets of road wisdom to his would-be protégé, but saves his energies and talents for his epic battle with the sadistic conductor Shack (Ernest Borgnine), toughest train man on the tracks.

Christopher Knopf's screenplay gets a lot of the details right: of Depression America and a closed, grim society of busted-down mavericks, with its own codes, its own language. The trouble is that the substance of his story is worn and without surprise, another brawny contest of strength and will between two scruffy clichés. Aldrich handles the violence of the story with the gusto of a born brawler piling into another fray. His best films (*Kiss Me Deadly*, *Attack*) have always shared a quality of almost surrealistic brutality. Since much of *The Emperor of the North Pole* has to do with great quantities of physical pain being meted out or endured, Aldrich makes the action grimly, jarringly exciting.

There are, however, somewhat discomforting jabs at allegory and significance. Marvin is the soiled knight striving after honor, Borgnine the dark primitive force he must conquer. Aldrich's idea of making his stereotypes into mythic archetypes is to pump them up with hot air. When Borgnine and Marvin finally lock in combat they seem less likely to wreak havoc than to simply deflate each other.

■ J.C.

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The Men Behind Kung Foey

"The Chinese take Kung Fu seriously," observes Run Run Shaw, one of two Chinese brothers who produced the current smash-hit film *Five Fingers of Death*. "Americans see it as comedy." Not that Run Run minds, as long as customers pay. "We're here to make money," he happily admits. Comic as it may seem, *Five Fingers*, made in Hong Kong for a mere \$300,000, has grossed \$3,800,000 in only eleven weeks in the U.S., not to mention \$4,100,000 in other foreign countries.

Five Fingers is a kind of chop-suey western exploiting Kung Fu, one of the Chinese martial arts of man-to-man combat. Instead of six-shooters, the actors use their hands, feet and heads to show who is the fastest draw in the East. Besides kicking, jumping and bating their heads together, they like to yell and grunt a lot.

The plot of *Five Fingers*, such as it is, involves the rivalry between two schools of Kung Fu: the good guys are handsome, the bad guys ugly. Dubbed in a kind of pidgin hip—"Hey, whadda you guys doin' here?" the hero asks at one point—the film makes no attempt to synchronize speech to lip movements, and a character can go on talking long after his mouth has closed. Not that it matters, considering the low level of the dialogue. Still, the picture is harmless fun, and the violence seems no more real—or scary—than the POWs and WHAMs in a *Tom and Jerry* cartoon.

The Shaw brothers, Run Run and Runme, have managed to dominate the film industry of much of Asia. From

46 acres of outdoor sets, sound stages and pagodas overlooking Hong Kong's Clear Water Bay, Run Run, 67, the creative half of the team, churns out about 40 films a year at an average cost of \$180,000, many of them Kung Fu kickers like *Five Fingers*. Runme, 73, then shows them in their 141 theaters.

Run Run puts in a twelve-hour day seven days a week. "We stop for three days for the Chinese New Year," he says. "But if we're in a hurry, we celebrate New Year one week later." The brothers provide free housing for actors, directors and technicians in the 400-room dormitory on the studio grounds, because Run Run likes having his key people at hand. "If we get an idea at

2 a.m., we call everybody and say 'Come on over and have some coffee.'"

Run Run lives just above his movie town in an enormous red villa that is a replica of mansions from the day: of the Boxer Rebellion. He also has a second villa, two apartments, a Rolls-Royce, Cadillac and Continental, and an eye for starlets. Runme lives in Singapore and is more circumspect, but has a penchant for horse racing. Together, the brothers Shaw have accumulated so much wealth that they have lost track of it. "We have hundreds of millions," shrugs Run Run. "Hong Kong or U.S. dollars—it doesn't matter."

Though the Shaw brothers have been making films since the mid-'20s, the only Western distribution their Kung Fu movies used to have was in the Chinatowns of Europe and America. Last January, however, Run Run decided to peddle his Kung Fu movies to a wider audience. "American people always love action," he says to explain his Great Leap Forward. "Hollywood made lots of money with cowboys until Italians made cowboy pictures with more action. Next came James Bond." He adds proudly: "Now from Hong Kong comes Kung Fu."

Other Asian producers are already invading the U.S. market, and last week the Shaws' own top director, Chang Cheh, left the fold to give Run Run and Runme a run for their money. "It's like Chinese food," says Run Run. "When Americans taste it, they like it." Indeed they do. In one recent week, the three top-grossing films in the U.S. were a trio of brothers-in-Kung Fu: *Five Fingers*, *Fists of Fury* and *Deep Thrust: The Hand of Death*.



POSTER FOR KUNG FU FILM

Guccis on the Line

It began, befittingly, with lobster tails and champagne served to picketing Hollywood writers by the secretaries of Warner Brothers studios. In the first weeks of the strike called by the 3,000 members of the Writers Guild of America against movie and television producers and the three major networks, both sides assumed the bemused air of adversaries in a genteel farce. Executives at Disney studios provided storage for picket signs in their conference room. Some writers reported to the picket line outfitted by Gucci and Cardin. One rain-shy striker arrived outside 20th Century-Fox and defiantly lofted his picket sign through the slightly open window of his Rolls-Royce.

But as the strike wore on, Gucci soles and tempers wore thin. Now in its 14th week, the writers' strike threatens to play havoc with fall television schedules.

Indeed, NBC has already announced that the start of its new season will be postponed for at least two weeks; the other networks could be forced to follow suit. Such favorites as *The Odd Couple*, *Mannix* and *Mission: Impossible* are likely to be affected. Others,



KUNG FU PRODUCER RUN RUN SHAW ON HIS HONG KONG MOVIE SET
Two villas, two apartments, three cars and an eye for starlets.

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

however, will not be, since they are produced by independent production companies. Some 150 independents—which produce from 25% to 50% of prime-time programming—have settled with the writers. As a result, such shows as *All in the Family*, *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* and *Maude* will be ready to start the fall season on time.

Among the writers' grievances is the fact that there has not been an increase in the going rates for scripts since the last Guild strike in 1960. Present rates are \$4,500 for a one-hour TV script, \$3,500 for a half-hour. Hefty enough sums, it would seem, but the writers are asking for an increase to \$6,000 and \$4,150 a show. "Most people think Hollywood writers are wealthy," scowls Freelancer David Rintels. "But most have to take part-time jobs to survive."

While some writers like Stirling Silliphant regularly earn over \$100,000 a year, Rintels estimates that a significant majority of writers make less than \$10,000. Unemployment in the Writers Guild runs as high as 80%. "It's the only union where millionaires and guys who are starving are walking the same picket line," notes Guild President John Furia Jr.

Padded Season. Aggravating the writers' plight are two recent developments: the cutback in network prime-time shows, which reduces the demand for scripts, and the growth of 90-minute or two-hour programs that often employ only one writer, instead of several for four half-hour shows. Most depressing, for viewers as well as writers, is the pathetically truncated, rerun-padded season. The networks now routinely air only 22 original shows, instead of 36 as in earlier years. The shortened season has meant that nearly one-third fewer scripts are needed.

While pay increases are crucial to a settlement, by far the stickiest point in the strike is the question of "supplementary markets"—inflight movies, pay and cable TV, and cassettes. Presently allotted no share at all, the Guild is demanding 1.2% of the gross revenues from such supplementary markets. The Association of Motion Picture and Television Producers and the networks are offering only .6%. With the costs of developing the markets estimated in the millions of dollars, the studios argue that the investment would hardly be worth it if they must share any larger portion of the potential profits with the writers—particularly since no one really knows how big or small those profits will be.

As negotiations dragged on, nobody was optimistic about a speedy settlement, which could mean the networks would have to rerun reruns into the fall. Last week the Directors' Guild, its own contract negotiations just begun, declared support for the writers and issued its own demand for a cut of "supplementary market" grosses. The dreary prospect looms that viewers may be able to follow the new season with last year's TV Guide.



RICHARD CRAGUN & MARCIA HAYDÉE IN SCENE FROM "TRACES"

DANCE

The Stars of Stuttgart

A skeletal mob of concentration-camp prisoners shuffle wearily across the stage. As the orchestra surges to the brass-driven climax of the adagio from Mahler's unfinished *Tenth Symphony*, naked fluorescent lights flash down from the ceiling, garishly illuminating the entire theater. Slowly the prisoners turn away from the audience toward a distant, fiery orange backdrop. Slowly they doff the blankets that cover their bodies; on their backs are stenciled stark black numerals.

It is a moment of intensive, moving theatricality—the visual and emotional high point of John Cranko's *Traces*, which was given its American premiere last week at Manhattan's Metropolitan Opera House by the magnificent Stuttgart Ballet. *Traces* is the portrayal of a woman who has escaped from totalitarian horrors but has yet to come to terms with those past agonies. Her present is visualized by some amiable bourgeois friends and a courtly but uncomprehending lover (Heinz Claus). Representing her past is a gaunt, tortured relic of the concentration camp (Richard Cragun) who periodically surfaces to stir her nightmare visions. Just as the adagio tails off in an eerie diminuendo, *Traces* ends with the anguish of the woman left unresolved. But the role is enacted to near perfection by Marcia Haydée, surely the finest dancing actress of the day.

Traces grandly illustrates one particular strength of Cranko's inventive—sometimes too inventive—choreography: his gift for narration and characterization. He may, in fact, be ballet's finest storyteller. Two other Cranko works, which had their U.S. premieres last week—and which will be repeated later during the Stuttgart Company's six-week American tour—dis-

played, in varying degrees, his flair for abstract dance.

L'Estro Armonico (The Harmony of Being) is vintage Cranko (1963) that turns out to be a rather mechanical studio exercise in balletic geometry. Soloists on stage cavort to solo instrumental moments from three Vivaldi concerti while the ensemble blends with orchestral passages. Plotless but pretty, the work does show off the almost Bolshevik-like muscularity of the Stuttgart's unusually strong male corps and the gamine pertness of lithe Birgit Keil.

Initials R.B.M.E. is unfairly titled and pompously annotated, but a joy to watch for all that. The initials stand for the first names of the Stuttgart's four leading principals—Richard Cragun, Birgit Keil, Marcia Haydée and Egon Madsen. In all justice, the title should include an H., for Heinz Claus, who brilliantly partners Haydée in a soaringly romantic pas de deux.

Cranko has described the work "as a ballet for four friends." Brahms' *Second Piano Concerto* was chosen as the score, the program notes explain, because of the composer's "passionate feeling for friendship and love." In an awkward bit of balletic literalness, Cranko carries out the friendship gimmick by having the four principals periodically link up on stage in studied poses of togetherness. *Initials* takes flight, however, when the soloists are left to perform the stunning variations that Cranko has devised for them. R., in particular, stands for remarkable, when Cragun almost nonchalantly shows off his enormous technique in a variegated sequence of flawless, aerial turns. A visual feast of old golds and blues, *Initials* is a dazzlingly mounted tribute from a gifted choreographer to four gifted virtuosi. In their performances, R., B., M., and E. (and H. too) more than pay back the tribute.

■ John T. Elson



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To dramatize this economy, we drove a Datsun 1200 from Los Angeles to New York. We say the car gets around 30 miles per gallon, but in this case we were wrong. Without special tuning or special equipment, we got nearly 38. We spent less than \$30 for gas, coast to coast!

With the energy crisis making headlines every day, good gas mileage is more important than ever. That's why the Datsun 1200 makes so much good sense. It's the best way we know to save money without giving up the fun of driving!



**DATSUN
SAVES**

POLICY

Connally's New Toughness

Despite withering fire from critics outside the Administration, Treasury Secretary George Shultz, President Nixon's economic coordinator, has remained imperturbably committed to the flaccid wage-price controls of Phase III, which he largely formulated. Lately, though, Shultz and his chief supporter, Herbert Stein, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, have been under increasing pressure from within the Administration itself to take a more vigorous—and visible—stand against soaring prices. Leading the push is for-

decision has been made. Most estimates put the proposed hike at about 5¢ a gallon, which would more than double the present 4¢ levy. That big a boost would siphon about \$5 billion in additional tax revenues out of the economy and produce a budget surplus in the 1974 fiscal year, starting July 1. Such a measure would meet formidable opposition in Congress. But a gas-tax hike is only one of the Administration's fiscal alternatives. Another option is a temporary income tax surcharge, which could be easily and quickly removed next year

that they plan, and they can go ahead if the COLC does nothing, subject to no penalty greater than an eventual rollback. Even these loose controls have been less than vigorously enforced. Some Internal Revenue Service officers, who are charged with enforcing price policy, complain that many reports of violations that they have made to the COLC have gone unheeded.

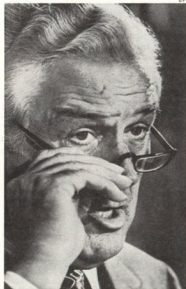
Connally, an ambitious politician more attuned to public-opinion nuance than economic nicety, believes that the present anti-inflation policies are simply too pallid to satisfy consumers riled about rising prices. As Treasury Secretary in 1971, Connally won Nixon's admiration by urging the relatively successful wage-price freeze. Since his appointment to the White House last month, Connally, a new convert to Republicanism, has again been prodding the President to make a greater show of leadership by stiffening controls and fiscal policy. Burns is taking the same line out of fear that otherwise the Federal Reserve will have to carry the entire burden of fighting inflation by keeping a dangerously tight rein on the money supply. Last week even generally loyal Senate Republican Leader Hugh Scott declared that if the Administration fails to act, he might support congressional action to tighten controls.

The final decision rests with Nixon. But as in all aspects of government today, the Watergate revelations are complicating the discussions. If the President follows the advice of Connally and Burns, in effect repudiating present policy, he risks the resignations of Shultz and Stein. Neither man cares much for Connally, and his re-emergence as a major economic policymaker would be professionally and personally galling to both. And as the President well knows, at a time when scandals emanating from the White House have hampered recruitment for top Government posts, finding replacements for officials of the caliber of Shultz and Stein could pose a serious problem.

SCANDALS

Mr. San Diego in Dutch

In many ways, C. Arnholt Smith seemed to personify the American Dream. A high school dropout and former grocery clerk, he rose to the ownership of a major league baseball team (the San Diego Padres) and became head of a financial empire that included one of California's largest banks and a multimillion-dollar conglomerate with interests that ranged from hotels, real estate and insurance to tuna-fishing fleets, canneries and a commuter airline. He became the chum of a President, so close to Richard Nixon that



CONSULTANT JOHN CONNALLY

To the enforcer of Phase I, Phase III is pallid.



TREASURY SECRETARY SHULTZ

mer Treasury Secretary John Connally, now a White House consultant. His position has the strong backing of Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns, who has been pressing the same point for months.

Last week the scales seemed to be tipping in Connally's favor. Despite President Nixon's solemn campaign pledge to the contrary, the White House let it be known that it is considering seeking some sort of tax increase to slow the runaway pace of the economy. At the same time there were strong indications that the Administration will shift back to much sterner price controls, possibly within the next two weeks.

Shultz himself announced last week that the Administration might ask Congress to increase the federal tax on gasoline, though he stressed that no firm

when the economy might well be sluggish and in need of stimulus.

Administration sources also revealed last week that plans to readopt some of the mandatory controls of Phase II within the next few weeks are now all but completed. Just how far the Administration might go, even if Connally wins the policy fight, is not yet clear. At an extreme, the Government could once again require big corporations to get advance approval for price boosts. It also could reimpose some of the penalties that were slapped on price gougers during Phase II—for example, forcing them to make refunds to customers. At present, corporations are supposed to follow price guidelines, but enforcement is mostly voluntary; only the 650 largest corporations are required to notify the Cost of Living Council in advance of large price boosts

ECONOMY & BUSINESS

the two watched the 1968 election returns together on television. He was so respected in his hometown that a local newspaper once dubbed him "Mr. San Diego of the Century."

Last week this classic success story seemed headed for an unhappy ending. Smith, 74, and some of his closest associates found themselves at the receiving end of a double-barreled federal investigation.

The first inkling of Smith's trouble came in mid-May, when the Securities and Exchange Commission suspended trading in shares of Westgate-California Corp., the conglomerate of which Smith is chairman, after its accountants withdrew their certification of the company's 1972 financial statements. Then last week two lengthy federal investigations into Smith's affairs suddenly bore fruit. The SEC filed a suit in San Diego federal court alleging that Smith,

Smith, an Internal Revenue Service task force that has been investigating his books for the past two years turned over the results of the audit to the tax agency's intelligence division for investigation of suspected criminal fraud. And a former member of a federal anticrime strike force accused high Administration officials of calling off a grand jury probe into the "laundering" of illegal contributions to Nixon's 1968 campaign by the Barnes-Champ Advertising Agency, which was controlled by Smith.

The details of the alleged looting of Westgate's holdings are exceedingly complex. Essentially the SEC charges, which Smith dismisses as "unfounded," say that he, Coen and Toft arranged sales of the company's holdings to various co-defendants at bargain prices. The purchases purportedly were made for cash, but the SEC says that they were actually financed by loans from U.S. National. To hide the fact that Smith was on all sides of the transactions, the SEC says, the loans were channeled through a thicket of holding companies that were also under Smith's control.

At the same time, the SEC alleges, Smith's co-defendants were selling Westgate a number of far less valuable properties at inflated prices. To make these investments appear sound, Smith and Toft supposedly manufactured \$17.5 million worth of phony profits for the new acquisitions between 1969 and 1972 and fraudulently reported them in annual reports to the SEC. On top of that, Westgate shifted control of the grossly overvalued companies to other cogs in Smith's financial machine, which used their assets as collateral to obtain huge loans from U.S. National. These funds were diverted to Smith's and his co-defendants' use.

One Look. The SEC's civil complaint asks that Westgate be put into the hands of a receiver and that Smith and Toft be barred from running any publicly owned companies—about the harshest penalty the SEC can ask for, since it cannot bring criminal charges. The IRS investigation, which could result in criminal prosecution, reportedly covers much of the same ground as the SEC complaint and also looks into the possibility that Smith-controlled firms made contributions to Nixon's 1972 campaign, in violation of federal laws that prohibit corporate political gifts.

Similar charges surfaced last week about Smith and Nixon's 1968 campaign. According to David Stutz, an ex-IRS agent who now works for San Diego's district attorney, a federal anticrime strike force and grand jury in 1970 heard testimony from Charles Pratt, owner of a San Diego cab company, about illegal contributions. Pratt said that Smith had asked him to buy a ticket to a \$1,000-a-plate Nixon campaign dinner in 1968. When Pratt replied that he did not have the money, Smith allegedly told him that it could

"come out of the business." Pratt used company funds to buy two tickets to the dinner, and the ad agency billed him \$2,068 for a nonexistent "wage and hour survey"—the \$68 being thrown in so that the even amount would not look suspicious. That way, says Stutz, "Nixon got the contribution, and Pratt could take it off his income tax."

Armed with the Pratt testimony, Stutz and other members of the strike force began to examine the books of the ad agency controlled by Smith. "It appeared that there were tens of thousands of dollars in contributions that had been handled in the same manner, and most of them were from companies owned by Smith," says Stutz, but "one look was all we got before we were stopped." Stutz claims that the investigation was called off by San Diego's U.S. Attorney Harry Steward, who had publicly stated that he owed his position to Smith's backing. Stutz also says that former Presidential Assistant John Caulfield, a prominent figure in the Watergate cover-up, asked him three times to meet secretly and discuss the status of the investigation of Smith prior to Steward's action.

On top of all that, Smith is the target of a \$300 million damage suit filed by some Westgate shareholders. Smith seems to have realized that the roof was caving in on him, and has been trying to dissociate himself from both his bank and his conglomerate. Last week his attempt to sell out his interest to Barclays Bank of London for \$50 million fell through. That leaves Smith in the same position as Westgate shareholders, who cannot trade their stock: all have to sit tight.

WALL STREET

Valley of Despair

For seven days in May, a price rally raised hopes that the stock market might finally be pulling out of its five-month slide. But that was two weeks ago, and last week the drop resumed. Sour suspicions about Watergate, the continued weakness of the dollar, the soaring price of gold—up to a record \$118.75 an ounce in London—and the continued rise of inflation and interest rates combined to hammer the Dow Jones industrial average down 37 points, to 894. After a brief moment of sunshine, Wall Street again became a valley of despair.

Security men are worried not only about stock prices but also about their own survival. Trading volume is running nearly 10% behind last year's rate on the New York Stock Exchange, and a chilling 40% below 1972 on the American Exchange. The 549 member firms of the N.Y.S.E. collectively lost \$75 million in this year's first quarter. Some 67 sizable brokerages are under surveillance by the N.Y.S.E. or Amex because their capital is running dangerously low;



SMITH & NIXON AT 1960 G.O.P. CONVENTION \$2,068 and all that.

Westgate President Philip A. Toft, Michael J. Coen, a former Westgate director, and several corporate defendants had systematically looted the conglomerate of some \$100 million in assets. In a separate action, the U.S. Comptroller of the Currency moved against the U.S. National Bank, California's tenth largest (assets: \$1 billion), on charges that the bank had lent more than the legally permissible 10% of its capital to Smith's various enterprises. Only a week before, Smith had resigned as the bank's chairman.

To make matters even hairier for

THE RUM YOU DRANK IN THE CARIBBEAN. DON Q.



Remember how great rum
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If you think that's because
of the palm trees and the sand,
you're wrong.

It was because the rum
was great. Don Q® Rum. The
largest-selling rum in the
Caribbean, where rum is a
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it's so clear
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Get Don Q
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Drink a Mint.



Misted Chocolate Mint
Pour Hiram Walker Chocolate Mint over crushed ice in a mist glass. Sip with a straw.



Italian Mousse
Combine 1½ oz. Hiram Walker Chocolate Mint, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's Vodka, ½ oz. cream. Shake with cracked ice and serve in a champagne saucer. Garnish with grated chocolate.



Ski Lift
Combine in a mug 1½ oz. Hiram Walker Chocolate Mint and 6 oz. hot chocolate made with milk and unsweetened chocolate. Top with whipped cream. Garnish with grated chocolate and use candy cane as stirrer.



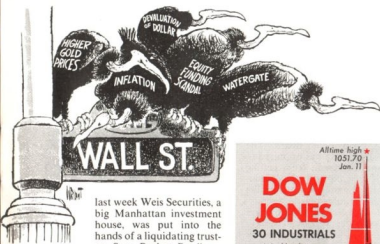
After dinner, drink our new Chocolate Mint. Or any of the other 28 Hiram Walker flavors that make a thousand different drinks.

For recipes, write to Hiram Walker Cordials, P.O. Box 3382, Detroit, Michigan 48214.

To hold you over, try the above recipes. Then sit back and see why more people buy Hiram Walker Cordials than any other brand. Chocolate Mint, 54 proof; Hiram Walker's Vodka, distilled from grain, 80 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois.

Hiram Walker Cordials

A FLAVOR FOR EVERY TASTE



last week Weis Securities, a big Manhattan investment house, was put into the hands of a liquidating trustee. Says Broker Bradbury

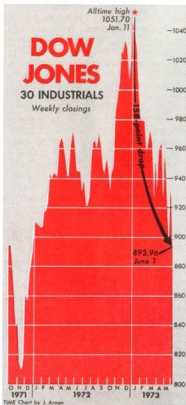
K. Thurlow: "I can't see why anyone in his right mind would keep money in this business."

The root cause of all this trouble is that individual investors are vanishing from Wall Street, leaving more than 70% of the stock trading to be done by institutions such as banks and pension funds. Last year, the number of stock owners in the U.S. declined for the first time since the N.Y.S.E. began counting in 1952, and holders of mutual-fund shares sold more than they bought for the first time since record keeping began in 1941. Odd-lotters, who trade fewer than 100 shares at a clip, withdrew a whopping \$2.3 billion from the stock market last year.

Favored Hedge. Individual investors suspect that they have been neglected by brokers who are anxious to woo the big-block trades of the institutions. Individuals pay higher commissions than the institutions do, and many feel that they get inferior research service from brokers. Some also fear that the institutions profit from inside information not available to the small investor. The Equity Funding scandal this spring did nothing to allay that suspicion; some institutions got rid of their stock before news broke that an insurance subsidiary of Equity Funding had been falsifying its books.

Feeling unwanted in the stock market, individual investors have found plenty of other places to put their money. Since 1970, savings institutions have accumulated \$180 billion in new deposits, some of it at the expense of Wall Street. Closed-end bond funds, which promise steady returns of up to 7.5%, attracted \$1.2 billion in new money last year. Speculators who want fast action are setting one trading record after another in corn, soybeans and other commodities.

Wealthier individuals are putting their money into tangible property like jewelry, paintings and vacation homes, which rarely decline in value. In fact, such objects are replacing stocks as a favored hedge against inflation. The myth that inflation is good for the stock



market has been thoroughly exploded: a comparison of high-inflation years like 1947, 1951 and 1969 with low-inflation years like 1958, 1961 and 1967 indicates that stock prices rise much faster when other prices are relatively stable. Two reasons: inflation-swollen costs eventually tend to limit corporate profits, and every inflation raises the threat of a recession brought on by Government action to cool off the economy.

With individuals out of the market, N.Y.S.E. volume has never reached the 20 million-share daily average that brokerages had geared themselves to handle. And with institutions dominating trading, volume and prices have begun to swing wildly: recently the Dow Jones average leaped 29 points in a single day and then tumbled 17 points only five trading days later. Reason: institutions generally single out a few stocks—including IBM, Xerox, Polaroid and ITT—for the big play. "This is an airshaft market," complains Shearson Hammill Vice President Lee Silberman. "A hundred or so blue chips

move up and down while other stocks languish."

Securities men are divided on how the industry can be revived. New York Stock Exchange officials are considering commission-rate increases; that might bolster brokers' incomes temporarily, but it seems a dubious way to win back customers. Many brokers would like the Nixon Administration to rescind its "voluntary" 4% guideline on dividend increases, so that common stocks can compete more effectively with bonds and other fixed-income securities. To win back investors who have turned to commodities for fast action, the American Exchange is considering a plan to allow trading in options, which are agreements to buy or sell a stock at a specified price and date. Merrill Lynch Chairman Donald Regan has suggested that regulations may be needed to require institutions to break up their block trades into smaller pieces spread out over a number of days to minimize volatility.

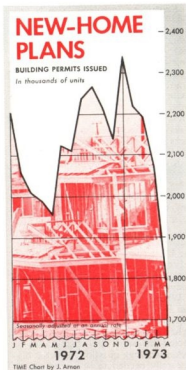
What Wall Streeters would like most is a sustained, resolute upswing in prices. In the past, a roaring bull market has never failed to bring back disaffected investors. But that raises a chicken-and-egg question: Can the big price rally needed to bring individual investors back occur if they do not come back to begin with?

HOUSING

Starting Downhill

While most other major businesses were still limping toward recovery from the 1970 recession, the \$55 billion housing industry was well into a boom that has all but sent U.S. home builders through their own roofs. Many contractors and economists have expected a slowdown for more than a year. In fact, well aware that the inevitable down cycle would come with a crash if it did not come gradually, they have grown increasingly concerned about the fact that the level of new construction stayed so high so long. Recently the Commerce Department considerably eased their worries. It published housing figures for April showing a marked but still orderly drop-off that should—if all else goes well—slow the building industry to a sustainable pace.

Actual housing starts in April fell back to an annual rate of 2,100,000, down about 16% from their peak of 2,500,000 in January. The number of new building permits issued across the nation—an indicator of how many starts will be recorded in future months—took an even sharper fall of 18%, to an annual rate of 1,800,000 units (see chart). That was the biggest monthly drop since the Government began tabulating figures on permits more than 80 years ago. "The widely predicted end of the housing boom of 1971-72 has finally arrived," declares George A.



Christie, chief economist of McGraw-Hill's Dodge division, which compiles construction statistics. "The housing market has nowhere to go but further down."

Precisely how much further down is of course the question of the day in the building industry. Most economists expect that a continuing decline will keep the number of new houses and apartment units started this year to about 2,000,000, roughly the rate that builders figure can be maintained over the long run. Economist Michael Sumichrast of the National Association of Home Builders believes that the construction slowdown will bottom out in the middle of next year, at an annual rate of 1,600,000 units, and then gradually reverse itself. If the slump does in fact go only that far, most housing concerns should survive it without suffering too much damage.

Extra Fees. Some contractors, though, worry that they may not pull out of the dive on schedule, even when the present oversupply of new dwelling units in some areas has been filled up. The reason: increasingly tight money. As consumers continue to fuel the present surge in retail buying, and savers take note of increasingly higher returns elsewhere, they are stashing less of their money in the nation's savings and loan associations, which finance more than half of all residential construction. Such institutions may well receive a net inflow of only \$20 billion during 1973, v. \$33 billion last year; in California, New York City, Washington, D.C., and some other areas, they have already suffered

a net outflow. S and Ls typically pay 5% interest on passbook accounts and 6.5% on certificates of deposit that must be held for a specified time. Sophisticated savers are turning instead to Treasury bills that pay nearly 7%; commercial paper, a form of corporate IOU, that yields 7.5%; and commercial-bank certificates of deposit, that pay almost 8%.

The Government can counter any shortage of mortgage money by lending directly to S and Ls through the Federal Home Loan Bank Board. The Nixon Administration has promised to prevent consumer credit from getting unduly expensive; certainly the Administration will not permit a revival of the 9%-plus interest rates that home buyers were forced to pay on mortgage loans in 1969. Lenders, though, have many other ways of making it harder for consumers to borrow money for new houses. They can raise the down payment required on a residence, shorten the life span of the mortgage or add extra "point" fees as the price of making a loan. Since the median price for a new home in the U.S. has risen past \$30,000, lenders can, with very little tampering, put houses out of the reach of many families.

ing there first had made Columbia Records the dominant label in the business. But last week Davis fell fast and hard: Columbia's parent CBS dismissed him from his \$350,000-a-year records-group presidency and sued him for at least \$87,000 in company money that he allegedly misused.

A Watergate. Davis' demise was foreshadowed by the firing in April of David Wynshaw, Columbia's director of artist relations, after a company investigation of his extracurricular financial dealings. CBS executives say that Wynshaw was padding bills from outside contractors and keeping the excess for himself. The findings led CBS to examine his boss's expense records. The company's suit charges that Davis hit CBS for \$54,000 to redecorate his Manhattan apartment, \$20,000 to throw a bar mitzvah last fall for a son and about \$13,000 to rent a house last summer in Beverly Hills. Said Senior Vice President Goddard Lieberman, Davis' early mentor and the man named last week to succeed him as head of the records group: "What if something came out in six months about this and CBS had done nothing? To cover it up would be a Watergate, don't you see?"

Others in the record business, where expense money is thrown around, doubted that the CBS charges against Davis could be the full explanation. To them, the action against Davis seems unduly harsh in an industry that abounds in stories of much worse transgressions, chiefly the providing of drugs to rock groups and disk jockeys. "If we had somebody really important who wanted dope, we would probably give it to him," says a vice president of one of CBS's biggest competitors. "I think Davis is taking the rap for everybody."

Whatever the reason, firing Davis

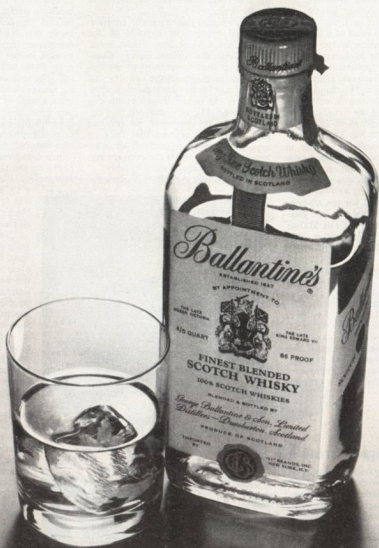
EXECUTIVES

Clive's Fall

The record industry is a \$3 billion-a-year casino that attracts an odd mixture of highly talented people, some hyperthyroid promoters, freaks and sharp-eyed businessmen, all with a single goal: to find out where popular music is going and be there first. Confidently astride that fracas was Clive J. Davis, 41, whose uncanny knack for be-



DAVIS (RIGHT) WITH THE DR. HOOK ROCK GROUP IN MANHATTAN IN APRIL
The limousines and flowers always arrived at the right time.



A fine Scotch—like Ballantine's—
is a civilized drink.

It comes over to your side,
smoothly.

A bit of quiet comfort in the middle of a
screaming world.

No wonder the Scots invented it.

was a painful move for CBS directors. A Harvard law school graduate, the Brooklyn-born executive joined the company's legal staff in 1960, and replaced Lieberman as head of CBS's domestic record operation in 1967. That year he attended the Monterey, Calif., pop-music festival, realized that a new era was dawning for rock music and quickly started signing up future big-name performers. Among them: the late Janis Joplin; Sly and the Family Stone; Santana; and Blood, Sweat & Tears.

Since then, rock has moved from only 15% of Columbia's volume to more than 50%, and CBS record sales have risen from \$170 million to \$340 million each year. Davis was able to win over top talent by paying well (\$4.5 million to Neil Diamond for ten albums) and offering considerable artistic freedom. Says John Phillips of The Mamas and the Papas: "He always sent the limousines and the flowers at the right time."

Davis has retreated into the silence of his redecorated apartment and has retained a criminal lawyer. There is speculation in the industry that the CBS suit could touch off another version of the 1950s payola scandal if the activities of other free-wheeling record executives are investigated. "I think this firing could lead to another Watergate," says Singer Tony Bennett. "There are a lot of crooks in there. This is only the beginning."

CONSUMERISM

Nader's Conglomerate

In the seven years since he began making headlines with exposés of unsafe cars, Ralph Nader has broadened his interests enough and launched enough consumer organizations to rival any corporate conglomerate. Annoyed critics have kept hoping that he would either run out of steam or start boring the public. Instead, Nader supplied fresh evidence last week that he is as energetic, and as capable of enlisting new allies, as ever.

As a starter, Nader's Washington-based Center for Study of Responsive Law issued the latest of its more than 20 books and reports to date: *The Monopoly Makers*, a scathing 345-page examination of the cozy relationships between federal regulatory agencies and the industries that they supposedly watchdog. By too willingly approving mergers, setting price floors that protect established companies and preventing new firms from entering fields such as the communications and transportation industries, the report charges, the regulators have assisted in the creation of monopolies that overcharge consumers and taxpayers by \$16 billion to \$24 billion a year. The remedy, Nader and Report Editor Mark J. Green suggested in a twitting letter to big business leaders, is to end "corporate socialism," de-

regulate certain industries and restore the free competition that executives so loudly praise.

Then Nader joined with an environmentalist group, the Friends of the Earth, in a lawsuit that, if successful, could force the Atomic Energy Commission to shut down most of the nuclear power plants in the country and halt any further construction until a dispute over the safety of such plants can be resolved. The suit demands that nuclear plants be shut until the AEC can give verified assurances that back-up systems, designed to cool off an overheating reactor core if the primary system breaks down, will work reliably.

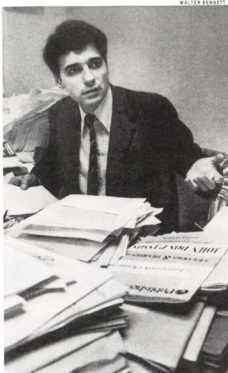
The suit was typical of Nader's ac-

put some new laws on the books. The Corporate Accountability Research Group is drafting legislation to require federal chartering of corporations, a move that Nader thinks would make companies legally accountable to consumers. Nader also has in the works a new outfit called Congress Watch, which he says would be "the largest public interest lobby in the U.S." Starting with a staff of three that will eventually grow to ten, Watch will not only push for legislation on such matters as consumer protection and tax reform but also monitor the performance of individual Congressmen. Watch might improve on the results of one of Nader's few projects that fell short of its target,

a 1972 study of Congress that was criticized even by some of Nader's admirers as superficial and lacking in new details.

Nader has shown a rare ability to attract supporters from both sides of the generation gap. Last year he set up the Retired Professionals Action Group, which will shortly issue a searing report on the hearing-aid industry. College students are said to be apathetic and inward-turning these days, but Nader's representatives have no trouble recruiting the most able students for low-paying "Raider" jobs in the summertime. Even more important, some 41 student PIRGS—for Public Interest Research Groups—are now under way in 16 states. PIRG students make small contributions to support full-time consumer advocates at state and local levels. The PIRGS, says Nader, "operate independently—our only connection with them is inspirational"—but they have all the gutsiness of their mentor. The New Jersey PIRG led a successful fight against a \$650 million transportation bond issue, and the Minnesota group is suing the U.S. Forest Service to halt timber cutting in a canoeing area along the Canadian border.

The headlines and publicity have had no discernible effect on Nader's ascetic life-style; he still lives in a modest boardinghouse, wears baggy suits and scuffed shoes and has no known romantic entanglements. But even some of his supporters fear that as his operation becomes institutionalized he may be spreading himself too thin. The Congress Project's relative unsuccess, in fact, may have stemmed directly from Nader's inability to personally supervise the work of the young researchers who put it together, and signs of less than meticulous research have crept into other studies that bear the Nader imprint. All of this gives his critics hope that some day Nader may make an irretrievable mistake—but they are still waiting.



NADER AT WORK IN WASHINGTON

More follow-up.

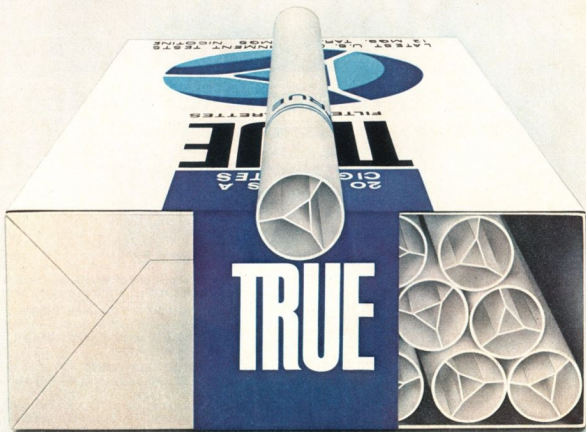
tivities in recent years. He sees his role as "not just disclosure any more, but follow-up with lawsuits and other actions." To do that, he has assembled a pack of consumerist organizations that nip at the heels of top dogs in both business and government. His Public Citizen, Inc., for example, supports four young lawyers who have peppered the government with lawsuits. In one they are attempting to force the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration—ironically, an agency created in response to Nader's prodding—to release used-car safety standards that by law should have been issued two years ago. The suit even asks the courts to make former NHTSA Administrator Douglas Toms repay part of the salary he received during the delay.

Nader's cohorts are also trying to

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Regular: 12 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
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COVER STORY

The Wow Horse Races into History

Secretariat—the name has a kind of bureaucratic resonance. But no label could be more deceptive. The regal thoroughbred that carries it is not the tallest horse that ever lived, but he is enormous by any other measure of size or performance. He has a neck like a buffalo, a back as broad as a sofa. His chest is so deep and wide that it takes a custom-made girth to encircle its 75½ in. and hold the saddle. And he is still growing.

At full speed, this huge and powerful combination of bone, muscle and glistening red chestnut coat covers just an inch short of 25 ft. in a single stride. He has finished first in 11 of 14 races. He has won \$804,202 since last July 4—more than any other single competitor in any sport—and in 1972 as a mere two-year-old, he was named horse of the year. Now, having won both the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness this spring, Secretariat is an odds-on favorite to run away with the Belmont Stakes this Saturday and earn his right to the Triple Crown of American horse racing.

Victory at Belmont would make Secretariat the first winner of the Triple Crown for three-year-olds since Citation turned the trick a quarter-century ago. He would be only the ninth horse in 91 years to accomplish the grand slam. The odds against any modern horse finishing first in all three races have grown longer every year. When Citation did it, he was one of about 6,000 three-year-old thoroughbreds on the books of the Jockey Club. Flat racing has become far more popular and populous since then, and Secretariat started out with about 25,000 contemporaries, all potential competitors. Further, the three major races, bunched within five weeks, present different problems in terms of length and race track surfaces. Yet, the chalk players have such confidence in Secretariat that a \$2 bet will likely fetch no more than \$2.10 or \$2.20 if he wins at Belmont.

His Bloodlines. What has made Secretariat a superhorse? His is a riches-to-riches story, a compound of good genes, good training and good luck. He has been particularly fortunate in his three human partners: Principal Owner Penny Tweedy, proprietress of The Meadow Farm in Virginia, and her two French-Canadian colleagues, Trainer Lucien Laurin and Jockey Ron Turcott (see box next page).

It was Mrs. Tweedy who arranged the mating that produced Secretariat. As the father she chose Bold Ruler—a horse that had won 23 races, including the 1957 Preakness, and then turned into one of the greatest sires of all time;

his offspring included 69 stakes races winners. Yet Bold Ruler progeny were not perfect. They always seemed at their best in shorter races. It became axiomatic in racing that the Bold Rulers seldom won at 1¼ miles or more.

"The best way to describe Bold Ruler's offspring," says Mrs. Tweedy, "is that they've been precocious and brilliant. Most of them have run their best at age two, at the shorter distances, and have been something of a disappointment at three, when they're asked to go farther. Also Bold Ruler was arthritic, and there's a tendency to unsoundness in the family." That means his offspring tend to go lame, early and often. Bold Ruler himself was to die of cancer at 17, which is relatively young.

But Penny Tweedy has a breeding theory based on the belief that every horse, male or female, has some defects; the trick is to cross bloodlines so that the dam's virtues cancel out the sire's flaws and vice versa. According to this theory, she had the ideal mate for Bold Ruler—a mare called Somethingroyal, daughter of a very different kind of sire named Princequillo.

Horses sired by Princequillo are usually the exact opposite of Bold Ruler foals; they have proved to be tough, durable, and able to go almost any distance, though seldom blessed with early speed. Mrs. Tweedy had never forgotten what another horse breeder once told her: "The Princequillos will run all day—and if the races get long enough and the other horses get tired enough, sooner or later they'll win for you."

The theory that you can breed a brilliant sire of young speedballs with the daughter of a line of gallant and tireless plodders and thereby produce a superhorse may be entirely wrong. Indeed, many people think that all breeding theories are wrong. "What you really need to get a good foal," one expert has said, "is a male horse, a female—and a lot of luck."

Horse racing history is, in fact, full of brilliant and expensive matings that have gone wrong. Champion mares bred to champion stallions have dropped foals that resembled neither parent in any respect except having four legs; the offspring have been pigeon-toed, rough-kneed,



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cow-hocked, sway-backed, puny, soft-boned and wind-broken.

Still, science sometimes triumphs. In March of 1970, Somethingroyal dropped her foal by Bold Ruler at The Meadow. When Mrs. Tweedy visited the farm and saw the colt for the first time, she made a one-word entry in the notebook she keeps on her horses. The word was "Wow!"

The colt was big, bright-eyed, barrel-chested. A picture horse. His legs promised to be straight and flawless;

knees and ankles—often soft spots on a thoroughbred—were trim and tight. As he grew, a purist determined not to give him 100% on looks might have argued that his rump was on the skimpy side. He was and still is, as track people say, just a touch goose-butted.

Conformation, like size and breeding formulas, does not always guarantee speed or spirit. Many big horses have their problems—malformed hind legs, for instance, or backs too long for ideal running. The majority of successful rac-

ers tend to run in medium sizes, or even on the small side. When Secretariat was a yearling romping around the farm, he demonstrated the proper spirit. Manager Howard Gentry recalls that "he always liked to lead the field, even when he was running with other yearlings across the pasture."

Still, there was some early doubt as to whether nature had intended Secretariat to run or just to be admired for his looks, his intelligence and his calm disposition. All big, growthy horses go

Trio After a Triple Crown

When he won the first leg of the Triple Crown at Churchill Downs in May, Secretariat set more than a Kentucky Derby speed record. He also wrote the names of Owner-Breeder Helen ("Penny") Tweedy, Trainer Lucien Laurin and Jockey Ron Turcotte into the books. It was the first time that the same triumvirate had saddled two consecutive Derby winners.

Like Riva Ridge, winner of last year's Belmont Stakes as well as the Run for the Roses, Secretariat was raised in the lap of equine luxury at The Meadow, a rolling, tree-shaded retreat in Doswell, Va., with a century-old mansion surrounded by stables, swimming pool, tennis courts and a cemetery for thoroughbreds. Penny Tweedy, 51, inherited the 2,600-acre farm from her father Christopher Chenery, the public utilities magnate who founded the stable. The wife of John Tweedy, executive vice president of The Oil Shale Corp., and the mother of four, Mrs. Tweedy has been a lifelong horsewoman, a rider of show horses since her childhood in Pelham Manor, N.Y. After Smith College and a stint as a Red Cross "donut dolly" in France and Germany during World War II, she entered the Columbia Graduate School of Business. The training, says the regally attractive president of Meadow Stud, Inc., "gives me confidence in running my family's business. Looking at a balance sheet doesn't scare me."

The only thing that scared Lucien Laurin as a struggling jockey out of Montreal was his spreading waistline. After twelve indifferent years of trying to overcome his appetite and mediocre mounts, he turned to horse training in New England. Laurin soon won a reputation for nursing sore-legged horses back to good form. After training such winners as Quill, the champion two-year-old filly of 1958, and Amberoid, winner of the 1966 Belmont Stakes, he joined A.B. ("Bull") Hancock's Claiborne Farm. On one memorable afternoon in 1969, he saddled Claiborne's Dike to win the Wood Memorial while another of his entries, Jay Ray, was winning the California Derby. Lucien succeeded his son

Roger as trainer of Meadow Stable in 1971 when the younger Laurin resigned to join the Ogden Phipps stable.

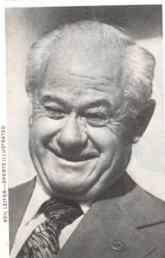
The chubby little French-Canadian has very set ideas about letting horses have their heads. "I may not have been a top jockey," he says, "but I've never believed in fighting horses, trying to change the way they want to run. I lost a lot of races when I was a jock taking orders from people who didn't know anything about their horses." At 61, Laurin says that "I've no thought of retirement." He is in fact looking enthusiastically to the future. "I've got a half brother to Secretariat and a half brother to Riva Ridge. They are two-year-olds. As God is my judge, either one—or both—might be better than Secretariat."

Though Laurin has been known to chew out fellow French-Canadian Ron Turcotte in salty Gallic argot, he insists that "I never give my rider instructions. If I didn't think he was the best in the business, I wouldn't be riding him." Turcotte, 31, has all the credentials. One of 14 children, he added muscle to his diminutive frame (5 ft. 1 in.) by cutting wood with his lumberjack father in Grand Falls, New Brunswick.

Turcotte rode his first race as an apprentice jockey in 1961. The following year, he posted 180 victories to become Canada's top jockey. The muscular little rider moved to the U.S. in 1964, and has guided his mounts to more than \$1,000,000 in total purses every year since. Last year his 10% share of his horses' winnings came to \$278,000. Now a rock-hard 112 lbs., he credits his wife Gaetane's calorie-conscious cooking with helping him to keep slim. His old lumberjack's breakfast menu of eggs, flapjacks, beans, meat and a slab of cold dried fat back is only a memory. For spiritual replenishment, he periodically packs his wife and their three children into the family motor camper and escapes to the Canadian wilderness.

Despite his triumphs, he admits to few pretensions about his importance in the saddle. "The horse does the running," he says. "The biggest mistake a rider can make is to feel that he's more important than his horse and not give him credit for intelligence."

TRAINER LUCIEN LAURIN



OWNER PENNY TWEEDY WITH SECRETARIAT AT BELMONT



JOCKEY RON TURCOTTE





SECRETARIAT GRAZING BEFORE DERBY
The nearest glutton.

through periods when, like awkward teen-agers, they seem to be constantly tripping over their own feet. In Secretariat's case there was another problem: an insatiable appetite.

Secretariat would eat anything he saw that resembled food. Inevitably, he got chubby, then more so, and it began to look as if he would be the plump kid on the block who never makes the team. He still has the appetite of the growing boy he is. A small race mare does well to eat 8 or 9 qt. of oats a day, and 12 qt. are a lot for an above-average male. Secretariat is what track people call a "good doer." He eats 16 qt., and between meals keeps his groom busy replenishing the supply of hay on which he nibbles almost constantly.

After a hard race, many horses hardly eat at all; in trainers' terminology, they back off their feed. After the Derby, Laurin watched the groom prepare Secretariat's usual supper—oats cooked into a mash, plus carrots and some vitamins and minerals, plus some "sweet feed," grains coated with molasses to provide the rough equivalent of a candied breakfast cereal. The mixture filled the better part of a big tub, and Laurin said, "He won't finish that in three days." An hour and a half later the tub was empty.

Secretariat could probably have finished even faster, but he is fastidious about his mealtime manners. He likes to work on the mash for a while, then refresh his taste buds with a sip of water or a few wisps of hay. From time to time he pauses to tidy the floor of his

stall by picking up stray kernels. He is the nearest glutton at the track.

Secretariat's capacity for food was a handicap when Laurin began training him for his apprenticeship as a two-year-old. The name of the training game is patience. A horse has to gallop a mere slow mile a day before his muscles are in shape to gallop two miles. He has to gallop two slow miles a day for a long time before he is in shape to do any running. He has to run slow before he is ready to run fast, and short distances like a furlong or two before he is ready to run farther.

Training a fat horse requires even more forbearance than working with a skinny one. The fat has to be exercised away, without unduly straining the muscles, before there can be any thought of trying to find out whether he has any speed. The months went by. Other two-year-olds were getting to the races and starting to make names for themselves. When Mrs. Tweedy asked how her wow horse was doing, Laurin's answer for a long time was "He hasn't shown me much." Then the bulletins were amended slightly—but only slightly—to "He's coming along."

Finally, late last spring, Laurin told his boss that he was ready to drop the horse into his first race. When she said she was going to be away on a trip, he said, "I'll wait; I think you ought to be here when he runs." Coming from a cautious and laconic trainer, that kind of statement requires translation. Mrs. Tweedy's spirit soared. The translation could only be: "When this baby runs, you're going to see something."

Opening Blow. The first race, finally run at Aqueduct on the Fourth of July last year, was part disaster, part triumph. The disaster occurred coming out of the starting gate, when another horse wheeled into Secretariat and knocked him sideways. "If he wasn't so strong," the jockey said afterward, "he would have gone right down." The triumph was that after being slammed completely out of contention, Secretariat closed with a rush, made up seven or eight lengths in the last quarter-mile, and finished fourth.

This was the last time the horse has ever been out of the money. In fact, he never finished behind another horse in all the rest of his nine starts in '72, although once his number was taken down for a foul when Jockey Turcotte used the whip on him for the first time and the startled Secretariat ducked into another horse.

This year Secretariat has won four races out of five. At the 1½-mile Wood Memorial at Aqueduct in late April, he ran third, behind Angle Light and Sham. Nobody will ever be sure what went wrong that day. Turcotte is inclined to blame himself. Giving the horse his final speed work four days before the race, Turcotte sent him a mile in 1.42½. A fair workout for most horses—but a heavy eater like Secretariat needs to expend himself between races to keep in

top condition, and it might have been better if they had gone faster.

On the other hand, Secretariat might just not have felt right on the day of the Wood. A horse cannot tell his trainer when he would rather stay in the barn. Citation and Man O' War, the two bygone champions to which Secretariat is being compared, also were beaten when they had an off day.

Early Foot. Whatever the reason for failure at the Wood Memorial, there was no hint of difficulty at the Derby or the Preakness. Secretariat set a Derby record (1:59½). As usual, he broke out of the gate about even with the rest of the field. Then he promptly dropped back to last in the field of 13. Since he was the 3-to-2 favorite, he must have given many thousands of backers an anxious moment. But that seems to be the strategy that he and Turcotte, his steady rider for most of the past year, have worked out together.

"He could show a lot of early foot if we wanted to," says Turcotte, "but he doesn't seem to like it that way. What I do is, I just let him relax and find his feet. Then he'll give me his speed any time I chirp to him."

In the Derby, the Secretariat-Turcotte brain trust decided to show its



THE LATE CHRISTOPHER CHENERY (1940)
Riches to riches.

speed nearing the final turn. Toward the end of the turn and coming into the stretch, where it seemed that chirping might not be enough, Turcotte gave his collaborator a few whacks with the whip to indicate the seriousness of the situation. After that Secretariat took the lead and drew away.

The Preakness was even easier. Secretariat again broke with the field and dropped back to last while Turcotte let him "find his feet." Around the first turn Turcotte decided the pace was too slow

SPORT



KEN REGAN—CAMERA 5



A PLAYFUL SECRETARIAT ENJOYING A BATH & A RUBDOWN AFTER A WORKOUT AT BELMONT PARK

and chirped to his horse, planning to pass a few of his competitors at that point and get into early contention. But while Secretariat was accelerating, the others were slowing down. In one great swoop of the field, Secretariat was in front with still about three-quarters of a mile to run. And there he stayed with the greatest of ease.

Turcotte never even bothered to cock his whip—which means transferring it from between the last two fingers and the palm to the working part of the hand. Who needed a whip?

Now Belmont. Secretariat—along with Mrs. Tweedy, Laurin and Turcotte—is now ready for the ultimate test. Few three-year-olds will even dare take the track against him at Belmont but he will track again to face Sham, the horse that ran second in both the Derby and Preakness in efforts good enough to win in most years. There will also be a newcomer named Pvt. Smiles, which did not run in the first part of the Triple Crown but showed great promise of being a distance horse in last week's Jersey Derby.

Then there is the difference in tracks. The Kentucky Derby is $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles run on a surface at Churchill Downs that many horses find particularly tiring. The Preakness is considerably shorter, $1\frac{1}{8}$ miles, and Pimlico has sharp turns and a shorter stretch that generally favor horses with enough early foot to be in front with no more than

half a mile to go. (From 1923 to 1931, the Preakness preceded the Derby and horses had a more natural progression of lengths building up to the Belmont Stakes.) The third race of the Triple Crown is once around the Belmont track, the only one in the country that is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long. The Belmont is the fairest test of all, since the track provides a long run to the first turn and gentle, sweeping curves that give the horses plenty of maneuver room. There is less chance of bumps or other bad breaks than at any other major course.

The race, however, is run at a marathon distance that most American horses, young or old, find impossible to travel at anywhere near their top speed without falling apart from fatigue. Can Secretariat go the distance? If he can, he may not only capture the Triple Crown but also break the record for the race—2:26 $\frac{1}{2}$, which is also the track record at Belmont Park, set by Gallant Man in 1957. The Belmont track is extremely fast this year for some reason—possibly because of the unusually heavy spring rains that have packed the surface, possibly because of the particular combination of sand and loam and clay that is being used.

Suspense may be building for fans, owners, trainers and jockeys, but the star remains supremely serene. Belmont is Secretariat's usual home between races elsewhere, and he is unconscion-

ably comfortable there despite his celebrity status. The famous old track is a delightful place on a sunny morning in early June. The barns are set far apart; the buildings and roads are shaded by ancient trees. The slanting early sunlight casts shifting patterns on the grassy plots where horses graze.

All the work around the stables is concentrated in a single four-hour period, and from 6 to 10 a.m. the area sees a constant flow of activity—but activity that is controlled and subdued, conducted quietly, almost noiselessly, lest the high-priced and high-strung animals that are the center of all the attention become frightened by it.

Silent Movie. Cars come and go down the roadway—trainers on their errands, exercise boys and jockey agents going from barn to barn, owners arriving to see their horses work out. But the cars move slowly, with scarcely a sound, partly because this is the code of racetracks, partly because those unfamiliar with the code find their progress slowed by high bumps built into the roads and a succession of signs that read YIELD: HORSE CROSSING.

Horses walk stiff-legged in the cool morning air to the track where they work out, their impassive exercise boys sitting aboard them. At the barns the trainers are supervising the morning's activities; the grooms are cleaning out the stalls or putting the tack on a horse

B.C. THAYER



CHALLENGER SHAM WORKING OUT

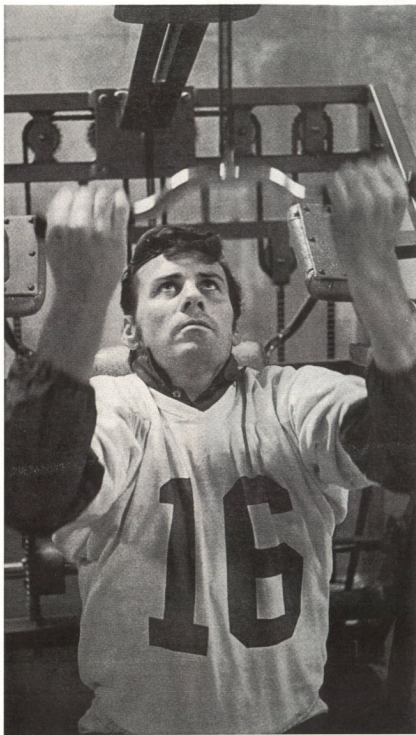


CITATION (1948)



MAN O' WAR AT FARAWAY (KY.) FARM (1947)

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about to go to the track; the hot-walkers are leading the horses that have already been to the track round and round until they have cooled out from their exercise. All with hardly a sound, as if the whole busy scene had been captured in a silent movie. A person can stand five feet from an angry trainer dressing down an errant groom and never hear a word he is saying.

Secretariat's home—ordinarily—is especially serene. Trainer Laurin, who races one of the best strings of horses at Belmont even without Secretariat, has a cluster of buildings all to himself, surrounding an outdoor walking ring and a grazing plot. The area is its own little world, isolated from all outside influence, peopled only by the same familiar faces that work there every day, going about their business with quiet and calming assurance.

The calm has been disturbed, of course, by Secretariat's reputation. Reporters and photographers have shown up frequently and curious passers-by try for a glimpse of the horse or for a word with Laurin. That kind of turmoil, together with the pressure and travel of the Triple Crown competition, could give any thoroughbred fits. Secretariat seems immune to nerves.

A race horse knows a day he is to run because his usual routine of hay disappears. Many animals become edgy, difficult to handle. Secretariat is so calm that just before the Derby he lay down for a refreshing 90-minute snooze. He did the same thing just before the Preakness. A TV crew does not faze him. Recently, while a handler was being interviewed, Secretariat calmly began to nibble on the microphone on the off chance that it was edible. Once, while the horse was being led to stable by Groom Ed Sweat, the leather strap broke off in Sweat's hand. A stallion on the loose can be a perilous thing. Were his people scared? "You can say that again," recalls Laurin. But Secretariat merely stopped and waited for Sweat to grab the halter. "He wasn't going anywhere," says the groom.

Horse as Ham. "When a camera-man is around," says Penny Tweedy, "and he hears the clicks, he puts up his head and stares off into the distance, looking grand. He's quite a ham."

It is almost as if Secretariat realizes how short a period he has in the limelight. Unfortunately for people who love to watch a great horse in action, Secretariat's racing career has less than six months to go. Even if he stays sound and keeps improving, as seems likely, he is slated for early retirement no later than November.

It is an irony of horse racing that its champions—unlike any other great athletes—are worth more after they retire than at the peak of their form. When they retire they go to stud, which means that they are mated to 30 or 35 high-class mares every spring, in the hope that they will reproduce their own good qualities in their offspring.

So intense is the competition among breeders to produce superior young horses that a good stud horse, such as Secretariat shows every promise of becoming, is worth almost any sum one cares to pull out of a hat. Secretariat's value in stud was set a few months ago at just over \$6,000,000—a price arrived at by finding that 32 people were willing to pay \$190,000 each, even before he won as a three-year-old, for the privilege of being able to breed one mare to him a year for the rest of his life. He might bring half again as much today.

Penny Tweedy was not keen on syndicating her wow horse. "I personally would prefer to race him as long as he stays sound," she says. But the family needed a lot of cash to pay estate taxes after her father, Christopher T. Chenery, utilities magnate and founder of Meadow Stable, died last January. The Secretariat bloodline was the most salable asset.

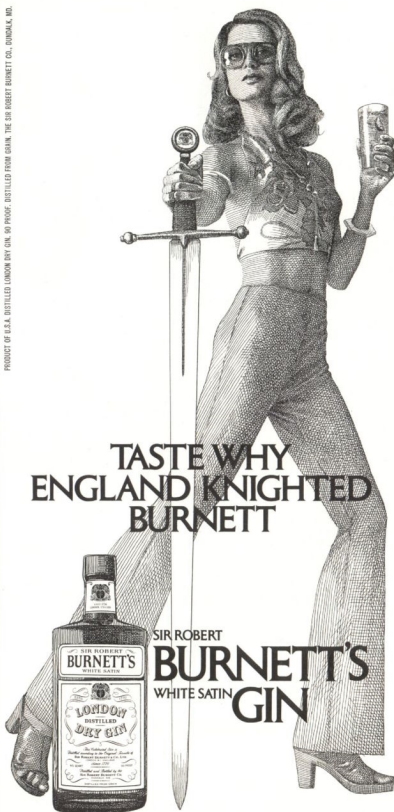
There was also the question of whether any single person is rich and daring enough to own a horse worth as much as Secretariat. "My brother's an economist," says Mrs. Tweedy, "and it made him nervous to think of owning an asset worth \$6,000,000 that depended on a single heart beat." So the deal was made. Meadow Stable can race Secretariat until Nov. 15, keeping any money he earns. After that he goes to a breeding farm in Kentucky to rest up from the racing wars and prepare for the mares he will court next spring.

Crazy Business. As the Secretariat syndication shows, the economics of horse racing is totally cockeyed. Nobody would ever think of retiring a pitcher as soon as he throws a no-hitter, a quarterback as soon as he wins in the Super Bowl. But horse racing—heavily taxed by every state where it exists, requiring tremendous investments in racing plants and breeding farms and the manpower required to train and run its animals—has been turned into a sort of rich man's lottery.

A bad horse, even an average one, is worth nothing. In fact, most owners run their stables at a loss. Of the 26,000 horses born this year, at least 20,000 will cost more to train (about \$10,000 a year at the big-time tracks) than they will ever earn. Most of the others, competing in routine races, will merely break even or make a modest profit. But a very few of the top ones, good enough for classics like the Triple Crown (a total of about \$525,000 in purse money this year) will earn fortunes and then become the sires or dams of horses also potentially worth fabulous sums.

Thus the horse owners continue to chase their rainbows, knowing that the gold will elude most of them most of the time. They are gamblers, and every gambler thinks that some day he will be able to do it all. Every one of them will be imagining himself in Penny Tweedy's place this Saturday afternoon as her superhorse makes his run at racing history.

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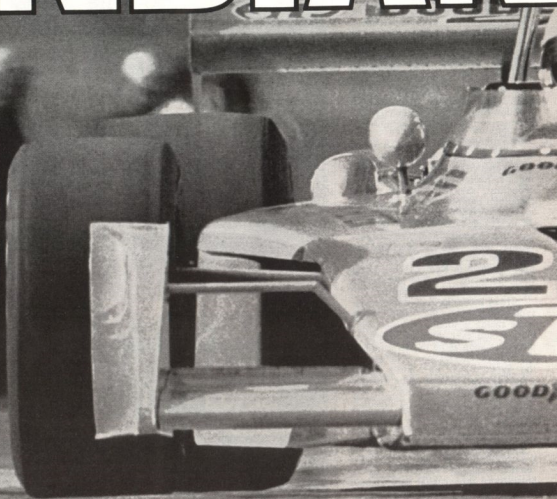


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MILESTONES

Engaged. Princess Anne, 22, second of Queen Elizabeth's four children and fourth in line to the British throne; and Lieut. Mark Phillips, 24, officer in the Queen's Dragoons (see **THE WORLD**).

Died. Mikhail D. Millionshchikov, 60, physicist and vice president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences; reportedly of cancer; in Moscow. One of Russia's leading scientific spokesmen, Millionshchikov signaled a major shift in his country's policy when, in a surprise statement at a 1970 U.S. news conference, he became the first major Soviet official to propose cooperation with the U.S. in the exploration of space.

Died. Harvey S. Firestone Jr., 75, former president and board chairman of the Firestone Tire and Rubber Co.; of cancer; in Akron. The eldest son of the company's founder, Firestone was named one of the firm's directors in 1919 while still an undergraduate at Princeton. During the next half-century, the quiet, precise businessman oversaw much of the firm's diversification, its expansion into 23 countries, and as chief executive officer (1948-63), watched annual sales double to \$1.3 billion. An active philanthropist, Firestone served as chairman of the USO for 15 years and as president of the Firestone Foundation since 1948.

Died. Jacques Lipchitz, 81, one of the greatest sculptors of the 20th century; of a heart attack; in Capri. From his native Lithuania, Lipchitz immigrated to France at 18 and became the youngest member in a group of cubist artists that included Pablo Picasso, Juan Gris and Georges Braque. Working in stone and bronze, Lipchitz simplified human figures into multiplaned, crystalline abstractions. During the '20s, he began to reverse the process and "from a crystal build a man, a woman, a child." His ideal became Rodin rather than Picasso, his work more monumental, his themes heroic. During World War II, Lipchitz fled France for the U.S. and for the next 30 years concentrated on giant allegorical figures from Greek mythology and the Old Testament. Lipchitz was buried in Jerusalem where 300 of his sculptures have been bequeathed to the Museum of Art.

Died. Fred Lazarus Jr., 88, retailing wizard who started as a collar salesman in his family's Columbus store and became organizer and, in 1945, president of Federated Department Stores, Inc., a coast-to-coast retailing combine that now includes Bloomingdale's of New York, Filene's of Boston, Bullock's of California, and the original F. & R. Lazarus store in Columbus; of a heart attack; in Cincinnati.

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What people watching station WLUK in Green Bay, Wis. saw on the news that night wasn't a sunken Volkswagen.

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The Immunity Game

This week Federal Judge John J. Sirica will hold hearings and issue a ruling on one of the most important tactical questions of the entire Watergate investigation: Should former White House Counsel John W. Dean III be granted immunity from prosecution in exchange for his uninhibited testimony about who organized the affair and who tried to cover it up?

Such grants of immunity raise embarrassing moral questions, since they permit a wrongdoer to escape punishment by the simple expedient of inform-

STEVE KORTHUP



EX-COUNSEL DEAN & HIS OWN COUNSEL
To testify "with his fanny showing"?

ing on his associates. Yet legal authorities have traditionally accepted the pragmatic necessity of letting one possible criminal go free in order to catch and convict others, and the idea was formally put into law by the British Parliament in 1710. In the U.S., immunity was often granted unofficially or by various local laws, and the Supreme Court in 1896 gave its first complete approval to a federal immunity statute. The underlying legal theory is that when a witness is given immunity from prosecution, he cannot incriminate himself; therefore he cannot invoke the Fifth Amendment guarantee against self-incrimination, and he must talk or face a prison sentence for contempt.

Immunity was not a standard tool, however, and it was rarely applied to major criminals in major cases. This was partly because immunity was not legally available in the majority of criminal investigations. In addition, most immunity statutes barred prosecution for any

"transaction, matter or thing" referred to in the testimony; so there was always the possibility that a witness would take an "immunity bath" by mentioning every crime he had ever committed.

In 1965 federal prosecutors began to discover new potentials in the granting of immunity. Instead of being used as a dispensation to petty hoodlums in the hope of getting them to testify against their leaders, it could be used against the leaders themselves. Immunity was forced, for example, on Chicago Mob Boss Sam Giancana, against whom it had been impossible to get any criminal conviction. When Giancana still refused to talk to a grand jury, he had to spend a year in prison for contempt until the grand jury expired.

Interested in this use of the weapon, the incoming Nixon Administration favored a toughened version of immunity "to strike at the leadership of organized crime." Its 1970 Organized Crime Control Act, which John Dean helped draft, made the practice uniformly applicable in the investigation of any federal crime. The law also extended a full-fledged, formal power to grant immunity to congressional committees for the first time. Finally, and most controversially, the act dropped from federal law the traditional "transactional" immunity, which gave complete protection from any prosecution, and substituted "use" immunity, which meant only that a witness could not be prosecuted on the basis of his own specific testimony or evidence developed as a result of it. Civil libertarians howled, but the Supreme Court last year upheld the Government's right to prosecute such a witness provided that the prosecution could prove that it was using evidence discovered without any help from the testimony that the witness had been forced to give.

Unique Position. Senator Sam Ervin's Watergate committee has already agreed to request use immunity for ten witnesses, but the Dean situation is without any real precedent. No White House official has ever been asked to testify against other White House officials. Equally without precedent is the three-way tug-of-war between the prosecutors, the congressional investigators and the witness himself.

Dean argues that he should receive full immunity from all prosecution, because, as the President's former counsel, he is in a unique position to testify about a broad range of top-level White House activities, and he is the only top official who has expressed willingness to stand up and accuse other insiders—including the President. In addition, he claims credit for having volunteered early cooperation with prosecutors and causing the disclosure of such key incidents as the raid on the office of Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatrist and the de-

struction of documents by FBI Chief L. Patrick Gray.

Under the new law the Ervin committee is able to offer only use immunity, which, once approved by Judge Sirica, can be imposed on Dean whenever the committee chooses. But to testify with such limited protection, says a Dean friend, would be like going before the committee "with his fanny showing." Actually, full immunity is available under old laws until they expire in 1974, and the Attorney General could authorize it if he wished. But so far, the prosecutors have offered only to let Dean plead guilty to one count of obstruction of justice, with the likelihood of a suspended sentence if he proves to be a cooperative witness. Dean is said to have refused such a deal. His reasons: It would involve an admission of guilt, and confession to a felony would probably result in his being banned from the practice of law.*

Strong Case. The Justice Department is unlikely to grant Dean full immunity because, says one official, "giving immunity to John Dean would be like turning loose the man with the gun in a bank robbery." Prosecutors feel that they have a strong criminal case against him, and that the threat of a heavy sentence if he is convicted should be enough to pressure him into being a cooperative witness.

The prosecutors face another problem, though. If Dean testifies fully before the Ervin committee, they will have a difficult time proving in any subsequent trial that they are using absolutely nothing growing out of protected statements. They would like to solve that problem by putting off the Senate hearing. They also might choose to indict Dean before the Ervin committee even calls him as a witness. Ervin is known to be against calling anyone who has been indicted. But Dean, who has not said what he would do if granted only use immunity, has threatened to clam up completely if even one indictment is filed against him.

Beneath all the complexities, the basic conflict is clear. Dean holds out the promise of answers to some important questions: 1) How much did President Nixon know about the cover-up, and how widely did it really range? 2) What other officials were involved? 3) What other instances of political espionage took place? and 4) What is contained in the secret papers he took from the White House and what light can be shed on their meaning? The prosecutors, on the other hand, doubt that he really has all the answers he promises and is exaggerating to improve his bargaining position.

The game being played is tantalizing and extremely tense, full of bluffs and hidden cards. No one even knows exactly what the stakes are, only that they are enormously high.

*Three weeks ago, G. Gordon Liddy was disbarred in New York, the first of the many lawyers involved in the case to be so disciplined.

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BOOKS



H.P. LOVECRAFT & BOOK JACKETS

The Dream Lurker

THE TOMB; AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS; THE LURKING FEAR; THE SHUTTERED ROOM
by H.P. LOVECRAFT
Ballantine Books, \$.95 each.

Along with Ballantine Books' new edition of horror stories by H.P. Lovecraft and his disciples, TIME came into possession of the following self-explanatory document.

I write this as much to soothe my trembling nerves as to leave a record of the horror that threatens to pitch me into the final abyss of madness. The dreams, if they are indeed dreams, have long since passed nightmarish intensity, though they began innocently enough. The first took me to a benighted, strange city of shuttered houses with sway-backed gambrel roofs that I dimly recognized as Providence, R.I. As I moved through the maze of twisting, whisper-haunted streets, I realized that I seemed to be inexplicably pulled to a preordained destination—the Swan Point Cemetery. There I was drawn in particular to one granite tomb, on which the human eye could discern under the fungoid moon these chiseled letters:

HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT
20 August 1890–17 February 1937

Since I was born after Lovecraft died, I knew of him only through seeing his books' lurid covers on paperback stands in airports and bus waiting rooms. The usual dust-jacket photograph of the author shows a youngish man with a lantern jaw and a rather startled expression. A bit of research at my university library revealed that his entire oeuvre consists of some 53 stories, plus assorted fragments and collaborations. Yet the writer has become a sort of cult figure and his books sell both consistently and well—over 1,000,000 copies since 1970 alone.

About Lovecraft's life, surprisingly little has yet been recorded. He was the only son of a traveling salesman who

died when Howard was but eight, leaving the boy in the cloying clutches of a genteel but overbearing mother. Sickly, precocious, reclusive, Howard began writing eerie fiction early, nuzzling in imagination up to decay, decomposition and other horrors softer and stickier than a mother's kisses. After a hiatus, he resumed writing in his late 20s, finding a ready market in the cheap magazines of the day—mainly *Weird Tales*—and becoming the center of a small cadre of writers of similar bent.

Open Sepulcher. My second dream, six days later, brought me once again into that cemetery. This time, however, I noticed that the trees were unnaturally large and gnarled, as if they sucked some secret vitality from the inner earth. To my ears came a faint, loathsome piping, like the whining, thin mockery of a single feeble flute that was to start an unwholesome elfin celebration. Just before I awoke, feverish and gasping, I noticed a cowed figure who beckoned slowly to me, and with a gaunt finger pointed into Lovecraft's open sepulcher.

The effect was such that I hastened to read some of Lovecraft's stories. I admit I disliked his stylistic mannerisms. He tells his tales through a troubled, dim, first-person narrator, and he saves the grisly denouement for the last sentence and then prints it in italics, as though that gives it greater shock value. Also repellent at first is the man's habit of stuffing his leisurely, Latinate sentences to repletion with adjectives and adverbs to modify, often tautologically, a stark noun or gruesome verb.

One example from the famous *Shadow Over Innsmouth* will suffice. The plot concerns a doomed Massachusetts fishing town whose population is obscenely corrupted by intermingling with a race of fiendish undersea creatures. Learning all this, the narrator attempts to flee. On the outskirts of town, he looks back and sees his pursuers "in a limitless stream—flopping, hopping, croaking, bleating, surging inhumanly

through the spectral moonlight in a grotesque, malignant saraband of fantastic nightmare."

Yet Lovecraft had real talent too. After a while his reverberant prose seems mesmerizing. Well did he know that true terror lies in the tension between our scientific age's rationalism and our primordial sense of individual powerlessness—of being enmeshed in something vast, inexplicable and appallingly evil. For this reason, he eschewed the stock devices of werewolves and vampires for a more intimate horror. In stories like *Arthur Jermyn* and *Rats in the Walls*, he exploited the rich theme of contaminated blood as it percolates implacably through successive generations. In *The Lurking Fear*, an entire upstate New York clan degenerates into thunder-crazed, shocking creatures with the hideous habits of man-eating moles.

Though I tried to remain awake after reading such tales, I felt an overpowering anomalous drowsiness quite akin to being sated with green chartreuse. Once asleep, I found myself again in the cemetery. A minatory wind scuttled through the silent tombstones, and Charonian shadows leapt and grimaced with unspeakable frenzy. What was most unusual for a dream was that my nose was active, wrinkling in disgust at the fetor of rotten grass and the ichor of freshly overturned earth. This time the enshrouded figure spoke to me in hollow tones: "Ph'nglui mglw'nath Chhulu R'lyeh wgah'nagl fhtagn." I woke up screaming.

Mindless Azagoth. University specialists in strange languages could not place—much less decipher—the grim words I had heard so distinctly. I had no recourse, therefore, but to revert to Lovecraft's own works, where I discovered that the sentence means, "In his house at R'lyeh dread Chhulu waits dreaming." It seems Lovecraft created a whole mythology, complete with guttural Asiatic incantations, to support his twelve best stories. The basic notion was that countless eons ago, Earth had been taken over by an extraterrestrial race which, in the practice of black magic, had lost its hegemony, but lay dormant

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BOOKS

and dreaming, awaiting a second chance to overwhelm the planet.

Obviously, Lovecraft here was exploring those tenebrous estuaries of the occult that had barely been mapped by Jung, Fraser and Arthur Machen. He even equipped the ancient demons with names—mindless Azagoth, Soggoth, Ib, Nyarlathotep and, above all, the great dread Cthulu who, in his sole appearance, seems to be a “gelatinous green immensity” that slobbers. To recall these alien creatures from their hideous hiding places (the arctic wastes, unfathomable submarine chasms, New England), the intrepid have but to practice rituals recorded in dusty, blasphemous old tomes like the *Necronomicon* of the mad Arab Abdul Alhazred and Von Junz's *Unaussprechlichen Kulten*.

It is true that some of Lovecraft's stories on the Cthulu Mythos—*The Call of Cthulu*, *At the Mountains of Madness*—rank high among the horror stories of the English language. But Great Cthulu only knows why perfectly good, independent writers from the late August Derleth to Colin Wilson have seized and elaborated on the Mythos in their work.

Of course I dreaded retiring that night, for I knew that sleep would bring fulsome terrors anew. But neither caffeine nor amphetamines had any effect and I nodded. I dozed.

The graveyard bristled with baleful intensity. Strangely colossal bats beat the air around my face, and chattering hordes of toadlike things chortled in infandous rhythms of ululation in dissonances of extreme morbidity and cacodemonial ghastliness. As I somehow anticipated, the cowed figure, his face ever hidden, approached and tugged my pajama sleeve, pulling me toward the open Lovecraft tomb. Forgetting danger, cleanliness and reason, I ventured into the yawning Stygian recesses of the inner earth, down inclined passageways whose walls were coated with the detestable slimy niter of the earth's bowels. My whole being choked on the stinking confluence of incense fumes, and a cancerous terror clutched my chest with strangling tendrils. Penultimately we reached a vast vaulted room lit with a gangrenous green glare from an unknown source, while all around pulsed and crashed a monstrous noise not unlike a machine malevolently crunching great living trees to pulp.

Just before I howled myself awake, I saw something in the faint phosphorescent light. It is that pallid vision that causes me to write this report, for whether my heart can stand one more night of dreams is most uncertain. As the cowed figure grinned and gibbered, I saw his unmistakable prognathous jaw and wide, habitually surprised eyes. And I knew why so many writers have so assiduously emulated Howard Phillips Lovecraft, for hidden in the glistening convolutions of the eldritch imagination, *he lives and he commands!*

■ Philip Herrera

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BOOKS

Dies Irae

KILLING EVERYBODY

by MARK HARRIS

277 pages. Dial Press. \$6.95.

Mr. Brown, the protagonist of Mark Harris' new novel, is a man who cannot even bring himself to exterminate a neighbor's annoying dog. Yet his mind is a charnel house of potential victims, executed because he thinks nearly everyone around him helped send his mistress's son to death in Viet Nam. Incurably infected by the anger and violence of the past decade, Brown fires off anonymous and threatening letters to presidents, neighbors, even chance acquaintances who displease him.

His city is a surrealized San Francisco. The time is a lobotomized and

J.R. EYERMAN



MARK HARRIS

The borders of outrage.

indeterminate version of the present. All occasions conspire against reason, order, simple human comprehension.

During the novel's 24 hours, citizens line up obediently to vote for the congressional candidate who, as chairman of the local draft board, channeled Brown's surrogate son into the swamps of Southeast Asia. Ubiquitous television sets keep vigil over three astronauts lost on a return flight from the moon. Murder in his mind, anguish in his heart, Brown must pace through his daily routine while mutely suffering Lear's rage at the fly that outlives Cordelia.

He keeps bumping into people who have unknowingly heard from him before; perhaps his anonymous letters have saturated the city. Some, like a colleague who had once received a "friendly" warning about his body odor, learn of Brown's intercession in their lives as the day proceeds. Instead of angering them, this knowledge only distracts them from their own fantasies. In fact,

they too would do what Brown does if they dared—or cared enough. Exposed to the same public madness, the characters have come to share a repertory of private images and symbols. Most often these involve violence and sex, but—incongruously—wisps of sympathy and humor arise at moments when mutual obsessions touch.

Mark Harris, 50, has always worked a vein of comedy bordering on moral outrage. Even his pastoral baseball novels of the '50s (*The Southpaw*, *Bang the Drum Slowly*) were brushed with sadness. The undertone of finely controlled anger that ran through Harris' early works grew, in the '60s, into the hectoring shrillness of a prophet scorned. He dismantled Richard Nixon in *Mark the Glove Boy* (1964), only to watch his intended victim move on to even greater heights—or depths as Harris would see it. As a college professor at San Francisco State, Harris might well have absolved himself from responsibility for what he seems to see as his country's race toward madness. But a novelist who sets himself up as a lecturer, instructing foolish readers and characters alike, is in even more trouble than they are.

Killing Everybody is a fortunate fall from lofty disgust. Harris has captured the pathology of the present age without gloating over it or surrendering to despair. His characters are victims, but they have shored large fragments of human vitality against their ruin. If *Killing Everybody* is uneven, it is also permeated by a compelling amalgam of rage and love. ■ Paul Gray

Tragedy and Farce

A JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEARS
by STEFAN KANFER
306 pages. Atheneum. \$7.95.

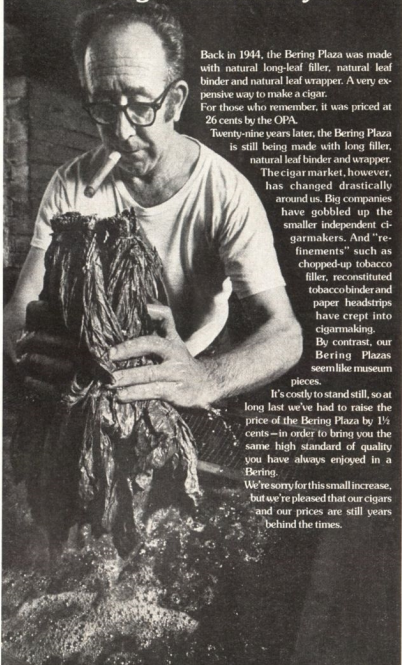
"Farce is tragedy out for a good time." So begins Stefan Kanfer's chronicle of one of the saddest, stupidest chapters of American political history—a time when the political blacklist was used in show biz in the 1940s and '50s and how that came about.

The proceedings grew out of the peculiar frenzy that seized America during the early cold war years, and an attempt by the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC) to suggest that many actors and writers were dangerous, dedicated agents of a Communist conspiracy to undermine the American way of life.

Wisely, Kanfer, an associate editor of *TIME*, wastes little space on the Neanderthal committee itself, and its questionable methods. (At one point, it soberly listened as Walt Disney cited the League of Women Voters as one of many "Commie-front organizations.") His humane concern is with the victims—those who cooperated with HUAC and those who did not.

Among the latter, the best-known group was the Hollywood Ten, an odd-

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BOOKS



PHILIP LOEB
Hounded out of life.

ly assorted collection of men who went to jail for refusing to testify about their political beliefs. They included Dalton Trumbo (*Kitty Foyle*), one of the highest-paid screenwriters in town, and Ring Lardner Jr. (*Forever Amber*), one of the most talented. The rest were largely fringe figures, creators of *Charlie Chan* and *Boston Blackie* epics, who as writers and directors probably could never have earned anything like the fame they won collectively in political martyrdom.

Whatever their aims, their ideological effect on the Hollywood "product" was slight. John Howard Lawson (*Action in the North Atlantic*), chief ideologue among the writers, was finally reduced to such fatuities as advising Hollywood actors that even if they were only extras in a country-club scene, they could "do your best to appear decadent ... create class antagonism."

Most of the Ten, however, and not a few of the others who came later before the committee, had been members of the Communist Party, a fact which lent the appearance of urgency to the committee's hearings. The situation was exacerbated, moreover, by the strategy that the Ten employed when they were called as witnesses in 1947. Membership in the Communist Party was not illegal. They decided, therefore, to challenge Congress's right to inquire about their political affiliations at all. They were cited for contempt of Congress and indicted by a grand jury. The Supreme Court refused to review the case.

Eventually many of them did time in jail. More important, their evasiveness whetted the committee's—and later Senator Joe McCarthy's—appetite for further proscriptions. A swifter result was the easy intimidation of the film industry, which created a blacklist barring not merely the Ten but hundreds



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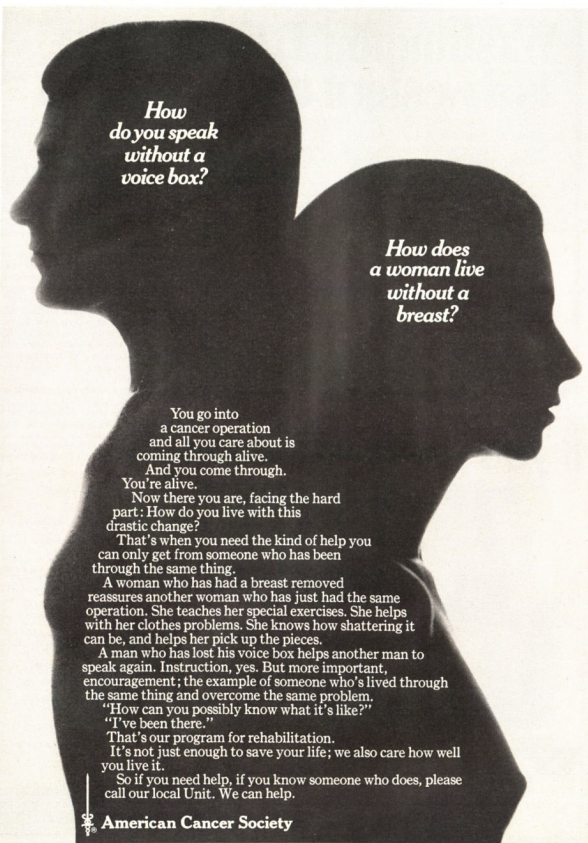
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The background of the advertisement features two black silhouettes against a light background. On the left is a man's profile, facing left. On the right is a woman's profile, facing right. The text is overlaid on these silhouettes.

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without a
voice box?*

*How does
a woman live
without a
breast?*

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BOOKS

of others from work in Hollywood and in theater, radio and the infant television business. The inquiries also led to the creation of a new and vicious class of entrepreneurs, freelance "experts" in subversion, who made a good thing out of compiling and peddling lists of half-forgotten contributions (of money, talent, names) to left-wing causes.

Kanfer does not speculate enough about what obscure guilts, flaws and frustrations led prosperous, intelligent men to embrace Stalinism. But nothing they had done justified the various fates that overtook them, or the sloppiness with which some kind of guilt was soon attached to them in the industry. Actor Everett Sloane, for example, suddenly found his name on the list and was unable to find work, solely because he had the same surname as another performer who had once attacked the American Legion and the hydrogen bomb.

One case like that might have been laughable. But in fact hundreds of men and women were denied the elementary right to earn a living for things like being "observed at a left-wing party" or campaigning for Henry Wallace. Some, indeed, paid with their lives for such paltry indiscretions: the book touchingly traces how Character Actor Philip Loeb ("Papa" in *The Goldbergs*) was literally hounded into suicide by the investigators.

Kanfer's account is a valuable summary of a lunatic melodrama, rarely described with such compassion and accuracy, in which the players, flinging themselves recklessly into their roles, drew real blood, maiming and crippling one another for life. ■ Richard Schickel

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—Once Is Not Enough, *Susann* (1 last week)
- 2—Breakfast of Champions, *Vonnegut* (2)
- 3—Evening in Byzantium, *Shaw* (3)
- 4—Sleeping Beauty, *Macedonald* (4)
- 5—The Morlock Paper, *Ludlum* (5)
- 6—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, *Bach* (7)
- 7—The Odessa File, *Forsyth* (6)
- 8—The Summer Before the Dark, *Lessing*
- 9—Law and Order, *Uhnok* (8)
- 10—The Taking of Pelham One Two Three, *Godsey* (9)

NONFICTION

- 1—Dr. Atkins' Diet Revolution, *Atkins* (1)
- 2—The Joy of Sex, *Comfort* (3)
- 3—Laughing All the Way, *Howar* (2)
- 4—The Implosion Conspiracy, *Nizer* (4)
- 5—The Life & Death of Adolf Hitler, *Payne* (6)
- 6—I'm O.K., You're O.K., *Harris* (5)
- 7—Sybil, *Schreiber* (7)
- 8—The Super Cops, *Whittemore* (8)
- 9—Hour of Gold, *Hour of Lead*, *Lindbergh* (10)
- 10—The Best and the Brightest, *Halberstam* (9)

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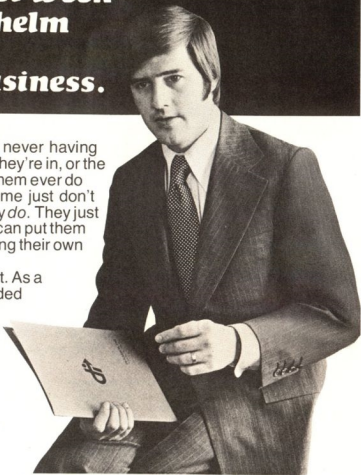
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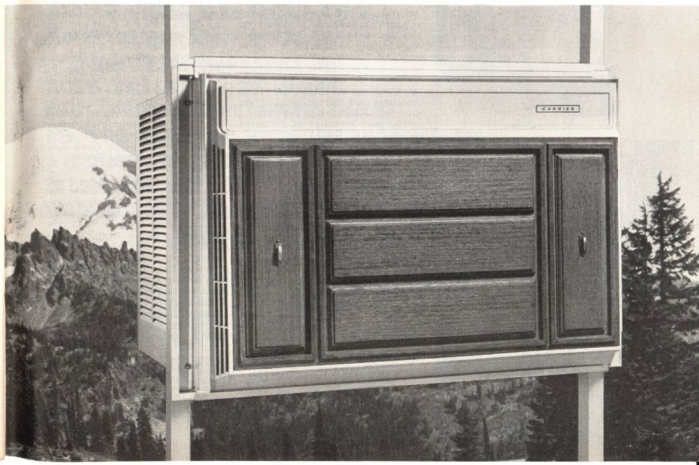
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MEDICINE

Cuban Doctors' Dilemma

Raimundo López, a Havana physician, was more interested in practicing medicine than politics. But once Fidel Castro came to power in Cuba, López found himself unable to separate the two. When he refused to join the Communist Party, he lost his job at Havana's Calixto García Hospital. His position was further undermined when his wife's brother was killed as he sought asylum at a foreign embassy. Finally López applied for permission to leave Cuba, and was allowed to emigrate in 1969, and after an eight-month stopover in Mexico, arrived in the U.S. in 1970.

López, now 52, is just one of more than 2,000 physicians who have fled the country since Castro's takeover. Most of them, like López, came to the U.S., where they were free to do almost any-

thing—except be doctors. Stymied by state licensing laws affecting foreigners who are not trained in the U.S., many able Cuban physicians had to take jobs as waiters, elevator operators or, if they could overcome language barriers and prejudice, medical technicians. There is a way out of the Cuban doctors' dilemma, however, and López, like many of his countrymen before him, is trying to pursue it. He will soon take an examination established for all doctors trained abroad—and already has an offer to practice his profession in Oklahoma if he passes.

What enabled López to prepare for the tough national exams is a University of Miami program that was established in 1961 especially for Cuban physicians. The twelve-week program is essentially a refresher course for those who have already practiced medicine in their own countries. Students are given six hours of medical instruction daily, bringing them up to date on the latest developments in preventive medicine, surgery, pediatrics, obstetrics and gynecology, and basic sciences. The course also provides six hours of English instruction weekly; the exams are phrased only in English.

Directed by Dr. Rafael Peñalver, who is himself an exile and a graduate, the Miami program has been expanded to include doctors from 19 other Latin American, as well as a dozen European and Asian countries. In at least one case, the students were able to apply their training immediately to benefit their homeland. Nine Nicaraguan physicians were enrolled in the course at the time of the earthquake that devastated Managua in 1972. As soon as they completed their training, the university provided \$30,000 to help them set up a special relief project to aid the quake victims.

But the program has had the greatest impact in the U.S. At least 2,166 Cubans, including pediatric cardiologist and Nobel Prize Nominee Augustin Castellanos, have taken the course. Half have passed the exams and gone on to practice their professions, helping to alleviate the shortage of physicians across the nation.

Cancer's Apollo Program

"Simply throwing money at problems does not solve anything."

—Richard Nixon, March 1973

Many doctors would agree with the President's opinion. That is one of the reasons why they have been rallying to oppose the aims of the Administration-backed National Cancer Act of 1971, which authorized an ambitious and costly program to wipe out cancer through a coordinated attack. Cancer, they argue, cannot be conquered

by a massive, single-minded effort.

As directed by Congress, the National Cancer Institute has spent more than a year preparing its project for submission to the President. The resulting five-year National Cancer Plan, produced through the efforts of 250 scientists, has as its objective to "develop the means to reduce the incidence, morbidity and mortality of cancer in humans." It calls for the expenditure of \$426 million this year and \$500 million next year—at a time when funds for other areas of medical research are being sharply curtailed.

The plan lists a series of goals—from prevention of cancer to rehabilitation of its victims—and outlines a number of approaches for the accomplishment of each. It also would concentrate the nationwide anti-cancer effort in the NCI, and leaves little doubt about where the emphasis will be placed. "Direct application to treat people has to be the first priority," says Dr. Frank Rauscher Jr., head of NCI. "This could mean that as funds get tighter, basic research could be deprived of adequate funds. I can't see any other way." Outside the NCI, the National Cancer Plan has won few friends in the medical world. A committee from the National Academy of Sciences' Institute of Medicine has criticized the plan for leaving the impression that "all shots can be called from a central headquarters." It has also taken issue with the assumption that most of the knowledge needed to conquer cancer is already in hand. Says the committee: "It seems to us a defect of the N.C.P. that the enormity of our ignorance receives less emphasis than it merits."

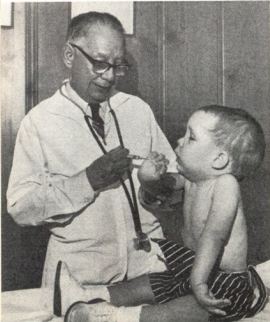
Built-In Rigidity. Many biological researchers believe that the plan has built-in rigidity that they fear could stifle creative thinking. But the most frequently heard criticism of the plan concerns the de-emphasis of basic research. "It's ridiculous to compare the conquest of cancer with putting a man on the moon," says Dr. Robert Good, director of Sloan-Kettering Institute for Cancer Research in New York City. "At the time the Apollo project was initiated, we knew all the basic information we had to know in order to go to the moon. We simply do not have that information about cancer."

To overcome this deficit, Good urges the NCI to expand its budget for basic research, while continuing to apply current knowledge whenever possible. He also advocates abandoning the plan to limit NCI support to scientists working in cancer-related fields. "If we're going to make a thrust on cancer," says Good, "it must be in addition to what is being done in other areas. If we try to solve the cancer problem while ignoring others, we're not going to solve anything."

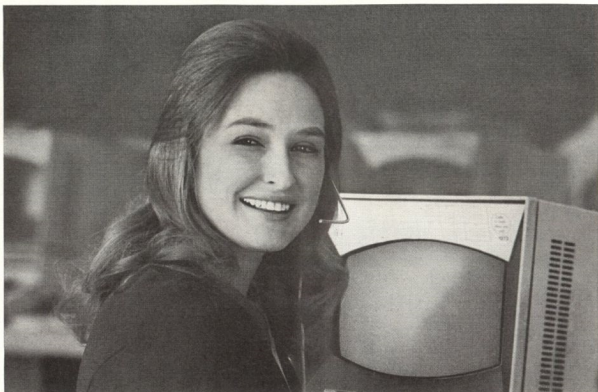
"In his 1971 State of the Union message, President Nixon stated that 'the time has come when the same kind of concentrated effort that split the atom and took man to the moon should be turned toward conquering this dread disease.'"



RAIMUNDO LÓPEZ STUDYING



AUGUSTIN CASTELLANOS WITH PATIENT

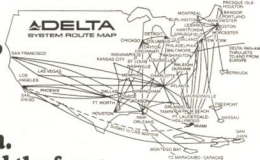


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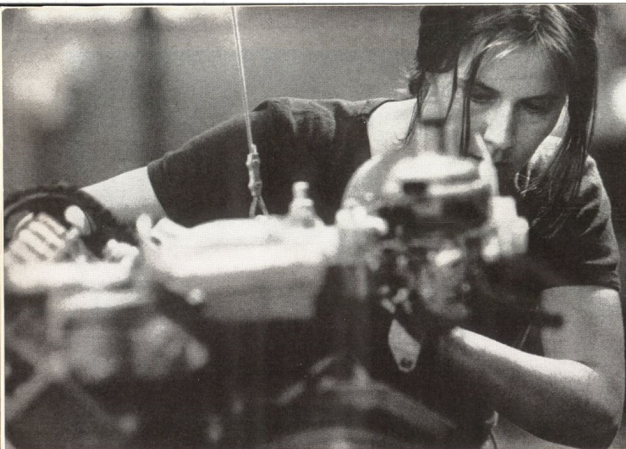
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